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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Prime Minister's debts have been the most interesting theme in the Debate on the Address. The psychology of debt is a fascinating subject. Some day a considerable work will perhaps be written on it. As yet the subject is obscure. We only know that a large number of men, upright and honourable in other departments of life, come to look on their debts after a while in the most easy-going, good-humoured way. Debts of honour and legal debts come within this category, debts of honour in politics eminently so. The Prime Minister is really an extraordinarily good illustration of this attitude. If he ever was at all touchy at being reminded of his unpaid "debt of honour" that "brooks no delay", he clearly has outlived that weakness. He now appears as the complete, the accomplished debtor who has pledged himself to pay and broken the pledge; and who has lived to view both the debt and the broken pledge in the most pleasant, comfortable way. His debt of honour has become a debt of humour.

Most of us have come across two or three good fellows whose métier it is to make light of their debts—with whom debts of honour are nothing if not debts of humour. If they half sigh, they also half laugh over their debts, and are quite ready to pass a light, effective jest at the expense of themselves—as well as of their creditors.

Others come to regard a debt long-standing very much perhaps as some old country people regard a wen or goitre on the neck. A horrified stranger thinks the wen will weigh down and kill the poor creature; but actually the poor creature is quite at ease and happy with his wen, and there is little danger of its killing him. Thus with the debt. Thus, obviously, with the Prime Minister's debt of honour. If the debate on the

Address has shown nothing else, it has at least shown that Mr. Asquith to-day is quite easy in his mind over the broken pledge of 1910.

What a delightful little illustration of this Mr. Asquith gave in the debate on Wednesday evening! Mr. Bonar Law—in reminding the House of Commons of the pledge to bring in the scheme for the reform of the Peers and to bring it in without delay—mentioned "1911". Whereupon the Prime Minister coolly corrected him with "1910": thus making more pronounced than ever the breaking of the pledge. Can political cynicism over questions of "honour", questions of keeping one's word, further go?

Ravenswood says somewhere in Scott's story that he does not expect good behaviour in the man where it is not forthcoming from the master: and we must not complain if Mr. Samuel looks on "debts of honour" as trifles when Mr. Asquith thus makes light of them. Mr. Samuel passed off the whole of Mr. Bonar Law's scathing and deadly exposure of Mr. Asquith's broken pledge as "futile" and "threadbare". However, though all these questions of "honour" are ridiculous little quibbles and babyisms in the view of practical and hard-headed Ministers like the Postmaster-General, it is interesting to know that before they go out of office the Government does really mean to do something towards reforming the House of Lords. They are going to purge it wholly of the hereditary taint. They make no secret why they are going to do this. It has nothing to do with pledges and honour and all such absurdities. They are going to do it lest the Tories, coming in again by and by, should restore and fortify the Upper House!

When Lord Hugh Cecil interrupted Mr. Asquith with "Why don't you bring in your Reform Bill then?" Mr. Asquith missed a great chance. He should have replied in the words in which Palmerston swiftly replied to Rowcliffe, the Tiverton butcher: "Why don't we bring in a Reform Bill? Because we are not geese!"

Who can wonder that with such foul play and dodging, and with pledges cynically broken by the Prime Minister, there should be growing public scorn for Parliament? The average man, the man in the street or the tube or in the club, views politics in the main as

a game of shuffling and cheating and lying. It is very hard on the many straight and clean men in party politics, but it is so very natural. Most of the popular journals take the view to-day that politics are worth little of their space. The "Evening Standard" has built up its great circulation largely by not cramming its space with "uninteresting politics", and only this week it has boldly and ably justified its line. Moreover it is perfectly well known that not one of the morning papers in London that reports Parliament at all fully is growing in power and circulation—it is the exact opposite.

Mr. Masterman did not go out of his way to insult Mr. Royds in the debate on Valuation on Tuesday; for rudeness is somewhat in Mr. Masterman's way in these matters. He is always trying to make his opponents—in his own pretty phrase—"lick the stamp". He tried to make Mr. Royds lick the Valuation stamp of the 1909 Budget in this debate; and he reproved Mr. Royds for making "a dogmatic and truculent speech about a matter on which obviously he knew nothing". This strikes us as a bargee style in debate—quite a bit of "Plebeian bullying by the Treasury Bench".

Captain Pretymann brought Mr. Masterman to book a little later in the debate. Mr. Royds, dogmatic or not, is quite right. The costly and partisan Valuation is being badly done, and we notice it is finding some hard critics even on the Government benches, notably Mr. Wedgwood and Sir A. B. Markham, who is manly and honest. Mr. Masterman did not try to explain away several very bad cases—perhaps because "obviously he knew nothing" about them. Captain Pretymann cited a case where one Government valuer put a bit of land at £450; whilst shortly afterwards another Government valuer for a different purpose put the same bit of land at £845—in both instances the valuation happening to be in favour of the Government! "Obviously" such valuers do know something about their business.

Colonel Weston at Kendal definitely stands as an independent candidate. Official support of the Unionist party was on Thursday withdrawn. The election can now mean very little either way. Colonel Weston is so difficult a candidate that the party scarcely had a choice. He is definitely against the party upon Tariff Reform; and he is uncertain upon Home Rule. Moreover, he has said he will not stand again at a General Election. He would be of no use when the struggle comes. The conduct of the Kendal election was severely censured at yesterday's meeting of the Tariff Reform League.

We have no quarrel with the League's view of Colonel Weston as a candidate, but much of the talk which went on at the Caxton Hall yesterday was frothy and silly. Mr. Chaplin may be forgiven his angry fervour: he is Mr. Chaplin. But when a man says, as Mr. Wyndham, did, that if he had to choose between the Unionist party and the principles of the Tariff Reform League he would stick to the League, he is really not a loyal Unionist any more. Mr. Wyndham apparently would prefer a Radical Tariff Reformer to a Tory Free Trader. Such talk, just after the party had come to a settlement on the Food Taxes, will not help the Preference policy. It gives air of irresponsibility to the League's doings.

Mr. Snowden is the one man of mark in the Labour party—of mark both for his courage and for his abilities. In a very sincere speech he made much the most notable contribution to the debate on the Address we have yet had. His case is this: the country, by the Government's express admission in the King's Speech, is prosperous beyond precedent; wages have gone up a certain amount since the beginning of the century, but prices have gone up a great deal more; therefore wage-earners are worse off than they were before, and cannot be getting a fair, or indeed any, share in the present trade prosperity. We do not see how his case can be answered, and in fact it was admitted on all sides in the House.

All are agreed that the working-classes have a real claim; but not as to how it should be met. Mr. Snowden is for nationalising various forms of property. The effect of doing that is at least highly problematic. It would probably do both good and harm; and who is to say whether more harm or more good? The extension of the minimum wage system by law is more feasible, and it seems to us less doubtful in result. At any rate the sphere of the Trades Boards Act can be extended and must be. Mr. Buxton said it would be: but he seemed to touch the matter very gingerly. As Lord Robert Cecil said, he was very official.

Many—not all—of "the cottage homes of England" are all that Mrs. Hemans has claimed for them with her pen and Mrs. Allingham with her paint-brush; but the drawback is their scarcity. At any rate there are not nearly enough to go round among the village workers, and whilst the policy of the Treasury is to tax the landowners harshly, and to punish them for being Tory, there is little chance of their building enough cottages unless they can get some public aid. The scheme which Lord Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Salisbury, Captain Pretymann and other landowners have suggested seems practical and thoroughly useful. It is moreover generous and patriotic. They are ready to sell land to the local authorities at its agricultural value on condition that it shall be used for cottages and good gardens. We hope the matter will be pressed forward at once.

Mr. Asquith made one important and rather surprising statement on Monday. Answering Lord Hugh Cecil, he denied that we were under any obligation in any event to send an army to the Continent. Nobody outside the Cabinet knows anything about our foreign policy, nor will know anything so long as Sir Edward Grey remains Foreign Secretary. But was not this country committed to send troops to help France if certain events arose out of the Morocco trouble? We must assume that these pledges referred specifically to Morocco and that we entered into no general obligation. With France in her present bellicose mood it is a good thing that we are not bound to fight in her quarrel. It is no business of ours who owns Alsace.

Not without Press squabbles Austria and Russia have agreed on partial demobilisation. So the tension in Europe should be getting easier. The King's Speech told us that the Powers are agreed on a good many points, and if the war can be stopped now while Scutari is still Turkish, they can reach an agreement on the others. But the Allies are making the most of the Great Powers' jealousies. They have accepted mediation on conditions, and those conditions include all the fortresses, the Ægean Islands and an indemnity. All Europe could not get an indemnity out of Turkey now. "Cantat vacuus coram latrone viator". But the Allies make the demand in the hope of shirking their due share of the Turkish debt.

Canadian Liberals in Parliament are much excited about Mr. Churchill's memorandum, which is described as impertinent and insulting. Copious extracts have been read to the House from America's Declaration of Independence; and Mr. Emmerson thinks that Mr. Churchill's mistake, if repeated, may "cause the Empire the loss of the Australian Colony and the Canadian Dominions". One need not take these gentlemen seriously. Mr. Borden does not. He is quite unruffled. He calmly explained to the Liberals on Wednesday that he had asked Mr. Churchill's advice; that Mr. Churchill had answered him candidly; that all information necessary for an understanding of the position had by courtesy of the Home Government been tabled.

The United States are clearly determined to hold the monopoly of canal transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They have secured a treaty with Nicaragua. They are now attempting to secure a treaty with Colombia. They offer Colombia 10,000,000 dollars and preferential rates in return for an option to build a

canal from the Gulf of Uraba to the Pacific Coast, with coaling rights in the Caribbean. The Nicaraguan treaty makes it actually impossible for a European Power to build across Panama. The new treaty would give the United States the first option of building afresh in Colombia. Clearly they think it supremely important that no foreign Government shall in any circumstances be able to compete. Meantime Colombia refuses, but evidently fears the pressure of America. The refusal to negotiate is coupled with a request that the questions at issue between the two Governments may be settled by arbitration.

A new capital for one portion of the Empire was born and christened on Wednesday. Canberra, to-day a tiny village in a sparsely populated valley on the Molonglo River, is to be the Federal City, and with the "naming" of the place and the laying of the foundation-stone of the column which will commemorate the "commencement", Sydney and Melbourne have to recognise that officially their twin-municipal primacy is doomed. There has of course been much searching of hearts and a good deal of sharp rivalry in settling on a spot which shall be to Australia what Ottawa is to Canada and Washington to the United States. The claims of Melbourne and Sydney were perhaps so nearly equal that it was wisely decided to recognise neither. Canberra will not be ready to take over the Governor-General and the Government for some seven or eight years. As Australian federation is now thirteen years old, the move to the capital will be a coming-of-age celebration.

The centenary of the War of Liberation is filling Prussia with enthusiasm. Celebrations of this kind are apt not to rise above the level of a fine show; but the personality of the German Emperor raises this ceremonial to the height of a great national service. He is the ideal man for the part; he looks it, and is able to say the right thing in the right way; a way that might be portentous in another is the true grand style in him. The strong religious touch he gives to the whole tells absolutely true, because of the orator's manifest sincerity. Truly the Emperor gives his country a great lead.

Lord Tredegar was of "the few" who "in their pride claimed dominion" in that wonderful charge down the North Valley. The survivors to-day are a small band indeed, but the glory of the thing is always growing, and we believe that this will be the tendency even more and more as time goes on. Everybody should read anew from time to time Kinglake's description of the steady advance of the two regiments of the first line; which "still had in their front the same rigid hussar for their guide, still kept their eyes fastened on the crimson overalls and the white near hind-leg of the chestnut which showed them the straight, honest way—the way down to the mouths of the guns".

The first meeting of the new L.C.C. passed off very quietly. There were no fireworks—a fact which may perhaps be regarded as a good omen for the coming three years. This satisfactory send-off is to be attributed mainly to the wise action of the Municipal Reformers in allotting four out of ten aldermanic seats to their opponents. The election of Mr. Cobb to the chair was unanimous—a promotion very well earned by long service on the Education Committee. So was the selection of the new aldermen, among whom the names of Mr. Cyril Jackson, the defeated leader of the Reformers, Mrs. Wilton Phipps, Mr. Oswald Partington, Lord Chelmsford and Sir George Goldie will be noted with pleasure.

Lord Middleton and Mr. Hayes Fisher have left behind them a record of excellent service for six years. It is difficult to over-estimate what London owes to Mr. Fisher. His experience and urbanity have been of the highest value to his party, and he has laboured abundantly to lay the foundations of what promises to be a long period of sound and steady municipal government.

Men who have made names at Westminster might well follow his example and from time to time help at Spring Gardens.

One good thing is come out of the taxi strike—we may cross the road in London with comparative safety and even comfort. Many people must have noticed too the relief to the ear and the eye through the lessening in the number of motors. The terrible girding and snorting of the rhinoceros of street traffic—the motor omnibus—are of course bad as ever; but at least the absence of so many of the smaller beasts from the jungles of London is a blessed thing. However, the relief is only momentary. The state of London traffic goes from bad to worse.

Shall we ever get an Executive that dares and knows how to deal with it? We suppose it is about the last thing a Government in these days would think of touching; it is log-rolling, but not log-rolling of the kind that touches a party Government. There are no votes in the London traffic: a Cabinet, we suppose, can hardly be expected to waste time over it.

There will be no strike of the London bakers at Easter. The parties met at the Board of Trade on Tuesday, and came to a very sensible agreement. It will have to be approved by the men's meetings, but the leaders do not expect any difficulty. They have obtained very good terms—a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week for adult workers; but with sixty hours a week instead of the fifty-six proposed by the Strike Committee. The masters made a point of fixing a minimum output, but there is to be a joint committee to decide about a fair day's work, with a reference to the Board of Trade in disputed cases.

The Midland Railway dispute over guard Richardson has been settled on the terms offered by the Company. In future the difficulty of the oral instructions and the printed appendix is to be got over by a scheme clearly defining the men's position. This is not quite the specific demand the men made, but they have wisely accepted it; and they allow Richardson to go on again at his old work and he is reinstated. A more serious matter is the meetings to be held in London by the new National Union demanding the eight-hour day and minimum wage of thirty shillings a week, which would, it is said, cost the Companies £9,000,000.

The suffragettes who attempted to interrupt the King's progress on Monday simply wanted to make a disturbance. Their plan was to spoil a public ceremony and to annoy the police. Arrested for obstruction, they pleaded, with the usual slyness of suffragettes in court, that it was lawful to present petitions to the King, and that as none of them actually got bodily in the way of a policeman they obviously obstructed nobody. They were behaving, in fact, like quiet, respectable citizens. It is true that petitioning Kings on their way to Parliament or elsewhere is quite a time-honoured proceeding; but it must be done with sincerity. These women knew perfectly well their petition could have no effect but to mar a procession.

The scenes this week in Hyde Park and at Wimbledon were surely absurd enough without Wednesday's anti-climax of a silly hoax. The joke, not particularly happy at best, has not even the advantage of novelty. It has time and again been played upon people, celebrated and obscure. It was played upon "Labby", upon W. S. Kane, and upon Mr. Churchill; and it turns up at odd times in the newspapers as played upon Jones or Brown. The public liked the joke on Wednesday merely because it annoyed the suffragettes. They are in the mood for anything that does that.

It should be the duty of the police to protect the public from the suffragettes—who, by the way, are usually armed to the teeth with hatpins. Actually it has become the duty of the police to protect the suffragettes from the public. The position becomes inexhaustibly absurd. The suffragettes preach lawlessness; the public, hating the lawlessness of the

suffragettes, lawlessly protest; the police insist that the preachers of lawlessness shall be protected by law. How has this absurdity come about? Obviously the police cannot allow the suffragettes to be maltreated. No Government that is a Government can allow the public to take the law into their own hands. The absurdity is not in the intervention of the police to save the suffragettes from the effects of their campaign. It is in the non-intervention of the police to stop the campaign.

We were glad to receive a copy of the protest signed by many very eminent Oxford men against the proposal to dissociate the Divinity degrees at Oxford from the Church of England. That is the proposal technically; but really the question is, Shall Christianity be disestablished at Oxford? We are confident that Convocation, when it meets next month, will prevent this being done.

The little "new" Raphael, "Procession to Calvary", just hung in the National Gallery, has an unbroken and illustrious pedigree. Painted in 1505 as the centre panel of the S. Antonio, Perugia, altarpiece (hereinafter called the Pierpont Morgan Raphael) it rested with the nuns till 1663, when the notorious Queen Christine of Denmark "collared" it. From her collection it entered the Orleans Gallery, and thence was bought in 1800 for Sir W. Miles, of Leigh Court. Its next step was into Lord Windsor's possession, and now it has left the Earl of Plymouth's for the nation's. Its price in 1800 was £150; it rose to £500 at the Leigh Court sale. We may assume that it has not since declined. Until last summer the Pierpont Morgan altarpiece was warehoused in our Gallery. The rest of the predella is at Dulwich, in Mrs. Gardner's collection in Boston U.S.A., and in Mr. Burdett-Coutts' in London.

The British Museum, however, with its anonymous donor of the entire Arthur Morrison Collection of Chinese and Japanese Paintings, is more blessed than the National Gallery with its purchased Raphael. The Morrison Collection, containing masterpieces by Kanaoka, Mu Ch'i, Chao Ta-nien, Wên Chêng-ming, one of the greatest painters of Ming landscape, and Matabei, who has been likened to Giorgione as the founder of Japanese genre, and whose authentic works are very rare, gives the Museum an extremely useful lift. Oriental paintings of this calibre are practically unpurchasable nowadays save by American millionaires, whose collective treasures are unsurpassable out of China and Japan. The Museum's benefactor is a true patriot.

Professor Cunliffe (School of Journalism, Columbia University) suggests that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and Mr. H. G. Wells "are as much deserving of attention at the hands of university students" as Henry Fielding and William Congreve. If we must read dead men, he continues, let us, at any rate, go no further back than Ibsen or Meredith. Let us be level with the time. The older writers are exhausted. The Elizabethans, for instance, are "wearing a little thin". If Professor Cunliffe really wishes to be entirely "up-to-date", he had better stick to Shakespeare and Fielding. A book by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton ceases to be level with the time the day after it is published.

The British Olympic Association (what a tall name!) has set up a new Olympic Committee to send round the hat for the meeting in 1916. The public has been very slow to open its purse for these performances; so the Olympic Association would do its begging by deputy, the deputies being names chosen to draw. Some of them are certainly good names, who ought not to be in this galley at all, but Sir A. Conan Doyle is there, who last summer was urging Englishmen to follow the American lead in making a business (and as recent events have proved not always a clean business) of athletics. This will and should put good sportsmen off the thing. We hope the public will have too much good sense to give to this very poor show money that is so urgently wanted for serious things. Britain had better keep clear of this Olympic nonsense.

THE OVERTURE.

THE formalities and stereotyped courtesies of debate which occupy the opening night of a new session can have little interest except to the two Houses themselves. Those without are inclined to take them all as read and ask to be allowed to get to business. It is true last session was so long that one might well have forgotten what happens at the opening of a new one. Unfortunately we have had such a dose of Parliament since this Government has been in office that nobody cares. We verily believe that the country would be more than content if the Prime Minister through the King had announced that Parliament would meet merely to vote supplies and after that was done would not sit any more for a year. Probably the public would be willing that the Government should supersede the House altogether, content to lose its liberties if it could also be free of the paraphernalia of Parliament. This, of course, is precisely what the Government wish. If they can weary the people into a state of apathetic disgust for everything political, they have a chance of doing things no alert country would stand for a moment. What the Government have to fear is anything like real knowledge in the people of what the Government are about and what their doings are likely to lead to. So they have adopted the plan of wearying both the House and the country into a state of sick indifference. "Anything so that we hear no more of you; pass what you like, but don't ask us to have anything to do with it; we want only to forget you." The Government are playing with the country the game the Irish Nationalists played only too successfully with the Liberal party. We should doubt if the public, educated and uneducated alike, ever had been less interested in politics than now. Whatever test is applied—the newspapers, conversation, gossip—all tell the same tale. Of course, amongst politicians the talk is mainly of politics. It is their trade; and everybody—bad form or not—likes talking shop; naturally, for it is what concerns him most and what he knows most about. But those to whom politics is not shop do not now talk politics: they talk dogs, horses, women, suffragettes, music-halls, football, cricket; but not politics beyond a casual reference to the result of a by-election. It would be interesting to find out how many had read right through the speeches of the protagonists—Lord Lansdowne, Lord Crewe, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith—on the opening night of the session. It would probably be a very painful shock to these four orators if they knew. Yet is it very strange, when you have a new session beginning only two days after the old one has ended? Truly Parliament was hardly off with the old before it was on with the new. And the irony of the whole thing is that all this popular indifference to politics has grown up under the influence of a Government democratic par excellence. Democracy has come to mean the people's indifference to their government. Every Tsar- or Sultan-ridden people is vastly more interested in its Tsar or Sultan than this "free country" in its representative assembly—the "grand inquest of the nation".

One cannot say that a study of the speeches of the first night makes one feel that the public has lost very much. Piano, however, is intended to be the note of this session, so the overture was in that strain; the one thing for which it is worth any but an idler's while to read what is said on the opening night is that the debate generally gives some hint of what is to come. We are not at all inclined to complain of the programme being small; we only wish it were smaller. If Mr. Asquith had left everything out of his list except the Mental Deficiency Bill, he would have been able to congratulate himself, as probably no Prime Minister has ever yet been able to do, on a session in which the Government passed no Bill that was not of real benefit to the country. Fancy a political account all on the credit

side! But that would never do for Mr. Asquith. What would his friends say of a session in which nothing was done to hurt anybody? So the Plural Voting Bill, a Bill, as Mr. Bonar Law well put it, to pick out for abolition an anomaly which may hurt the Liberal party and to leave untouched anomalies which may hurt the Tory party. At any rate all Liberals think the plural vote injurious to them and are keen to get rid of it; but they are quite indifferent to redistribution, which Tories sincerely want. There is obviously no case for dealing with the Plural Vote and not dealing with admittedly more serious franchise anomalies except that the plural vote stands in the way of the Liberal party. Its abolition has the additional advantage that it is taking something away from the rich and the educated and so will give pleasure to the Radical of the street. This person will also be pleased, or would if he could understand what it meant, at nothing being said in the King's speech about a new Second Chamber. The Government's pledge still stands, we know; the matter still "will not brook delay" (second edition, "long delay"); Mr. Asquith "adheres" to all he ever said on the subject. Everybody always does adhere to a promise he cannot fulfil. Meantime this urgent question has to be held over until next session, and therefore cannot be passed under the Parliament Act during this Parliament. Mr. Asquith's reputation for political honesty has not grown of late. His appearance and habit make an impression of straightforward strength; but experience has got behind appearances and he is discovered to be much more slim than strong. He would have done better if he had been more honest in this business of reforming the House of Lords. He would have done best of all if he had never pretended that he meant to do it; and next best by admitting frankly that, if he meant to do it once, he had since given up the idea. Unabashed cynicism is better than insincerity. This is one of the things the public is able to take stock of and maybe will. It does not like the fast and loose manner and is apt to remember it against a man. Mr. Asquith greatly mistakes if he imagines the public is in any way satisfied with his explanation why he has not dealt with the matter or why he does not mean to tackle it this session, or is impressed with his solemn protestation that he is going to do it. No doubt he will introduce a scheme before this Parliament is out, but he will not carry it before the election, nor, we believe, ever. Lord Rosebery was right: the Radical party has got what it wants. Why not leave well alone? Well, it will be left alone, so far as the Radicals are concerned; no other arrangement can suit them nearly so well. They may give a new Second Chamber a Radical majority: they could not give it a large majority. In no long time that reconstructed House would be amending and even rejecting Radical measures guillotined through the Commons. To ride the Parliament Act rough-shod over a Second Chamber of their own making would be infinitely more difficult than riding it over a House of Lords. If an elective Second Chamber were created as a substitute for the Parliament Act, Radicals would, of course, lose very much more still. Mr. Asquith will never be allowed to do anything of the kind.

One theme in a very piano overture was necessarily praise of Sir Edward Grey. Foreign affairs in these days are never discussed in Parliament; they are only brought up now and then to be an occasion for praising our heaven-sent Foreign Secretary, who moves serenely through the crowd of worshippers with all Marcus Brutus' assurance of his own flawlessness. History will hardly take Sir Edward Grey so easily on trust and will, we imagine, have something different to say of his work for the country from the pæans of the Radical and Unionist leaders alike of this day. Sir Edward is trumpeted because the Ambassadors have met in London; and have succeeded in reaching considerable agreement. Whether they would have agreed less somewhere else is at least very doubtful; but give our Foreign Secretary all the benefit

of the doubt; put this to his credit. How does the balance stand? Take Persia. What is the result of Sir E. Grey's policy there? First, Persia, whose independence he stood for, is effaced; second, Russia has made her lion's share of Persia (given to her by Sir E. Grey's Anglo-Russian agreement) into a Russian province; our modest share, under the same agreement, is in a state of anarchy, infested with robbers and bandits; the roads are impassable to peaceable travellers, and dangerous especially to Englishmen. British Indian cavalry in Shiraz dare not move out for fear of attack and consequent disorders. A British captain, Captain Eckford, is murdered and nothing is done to punish anybody. The people see that the Russians are able to make themselves felt and so regard them; the English they despise as feeble and detest as perfidious; for Sir E. Grey at first foolishly enough championed the "constitutional" régime. And not many years ago England stood higher in Persia than any other European State! This is the grand total in this part of the world of our Foreign Secretary's wondrous statesmanship. What can we do to be saved? Persian independence is gone. We must either abandon to Russia our sphere or effectively occupy it, which will mean a serious expedition and this, if successful, will make us immediate neighbours to the Russians. Here is the delectable choice brought about by Sir E. Grey's brilliant Anglo-Russian agreement. It is time somebody at least told the truth about his statesmanship.

UNIONISTS AND THE NEW SESSION.

THE Opposition must at once realise a danger that is the result of the revolution worked by the Parliament Act. Formerly Governments have tended to grow weaker every year that they are in office; each successive session has added to their labours, their supporters have become slack, their majorities uncertain. Now one of the insidious results of the Parliament Act is to stop this normal decline. If a Government intends to remain in office it needs only to work its supporters like slaves for the first two years of a Parliament, at a period, in fact, when they are presumably sanguine and enthusiastic, and from that time onwards sit as little and do as little as ever it can. For the longer it sits and the more it does when once its principal Bills are in the Parliament Act machine the more often is it exposed to the attacks of the Opposition.

The less Parliament sits the stronger is the Government. Instead of having to keep a tired majority to pass new Bills session after session, the Whips have only to collect their party for a few great occasions and bring the session to an end as soon as possible. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise to read in the King's Speech that in view of members' "arduous labours during the past year the further legislation which they will be invited to consider will necessarily be restricted within narrow limits". A joyful announcement indeed for Ministerialists—the shadow of snap divisions will not be hanging over them month after month. But for the Opposition a serious loss of opportunity. At the very moment when the Government should be getting weaker, the Unionists' chances of attack are becoming more difficult. The Parliament Act goes on with its work; the Opposition can only look at its machinery. Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are the two chief cases in point. When there were fifty-two days for discussing the first, and twenty-seven for the second, however unjust may have been the working of the kangaroo and the guillotine, there was at least some opportunity for driving the Government into a corner. Once indeed they were defeated; many times their majorities dwindled and almost disappeared. In the new session these chances are to be denied to the Opposition. "The attention of Parliament", in the words of the King's Speech, "will again be asked to the measures in regard to which there was disagreement between the two Houses last

session"; in other words, a few days of second reading debate will be given to each of them, and for second reading debates a Government's majority is always solid. What other opportunities, then, will there be in the House of Commons? There will be a Plural Voting Bill, a small Bill to disfranchise Unionist voters and destroy university constituencies—just the sort of Bill, in fact, that will appeal to the heart of every Radical member. On glebes and curates and customs there may be cross-voting, on disfranchising Tory voters nothing but unbroken party loyalty. The Mental Deficiency Bill is to be re-introduced, the Bill, it will be remembered, that, thanks to Unionist support, might now have been law had it not been for the incompetence of Mr. McKenna and the obstruction of the Booths and Wedgwoods. From a Mental Deficiency Bill the Government have nothing to fear but the grumblings of a few of their own cranks. A Mental Deficiency Bill is therefore a part of the programme, and for the precisely opposite reason that they have much to fear from big schemes and divided counsels, there is only a vague allusion in the King's Speech to the Chancellor's theories of education and nothing at all about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's attack upon landlords. Have Lord Haldane and Mr. Lloyd George paired in the Cabinet? Has the great scheme of National Education been put on the shelf on the understanding that the land conspiracy joins it there? Lord Haldane at any rate had the satisfaction—a satisfaction always his own—of making a speech at Manchester; Mr. Lloyd George has not yet been allowed to make his pronouncement at Swindon. The fact is that neither for a revolution in our system of national education nor for a general attack upon landlords can the Government count upon the steady and unremitting support of a tired party. The questions are therefore pushed into the limbo of "debts of honour" and reforms "that brook no delay". Lastly, there is the recurring problem of woman suffrage. How, when and by whom it will be brought up no one knows. Soon after Easter, no doubt, it will appear, and the country will be given the curious spectacle of a Government's refusal to take any responsibility for a revolutionary change and a Prime Minister's readiness to retain office in the face of a national disaster brought about by the House against his will. Likely enough, however, the Bill will be beaten on second reading, and the Government will escape from a difficult position. As far, then, as new legislation goes, the Opposition have been cleverly placed at a disadvantage; there is no reason to magnify it; at the same time, there is no reason to ignore it. Its existence must only make them the keener to seize every chance that comes their way. Chances there certainly will be. The discussion, for instance, of the Estimates exposes the field of administration to their attack. In point of fact most people are more keenly interested in details of administration that directly concern them than in principles of legislation which they do not understand. Administrative criticism has more than once driven a Government from office. The present Ministers have suffered several shrewd blows for the mismanagement of their departments. The Opposition would do well to concentrate their forces upon the many administrative breaches in the Government's defences. Two things further are needed—an unremitting attendance both on front and back benches and the constant conviction that this is a critical Session, and that only fifteen months are between us and a disunited kingdom and dismembered Church.

CANADA AND EMPIRE.

EVER since the Canadian Conservatives sang "God save the King" after Mr. Borden's Navy speech the Laurierites have been in a bad temper. Now there has been an explosion. On Tuesday an ex-Minister went so far as to talk of British insults and hint at Canadian independence. Those are dangerous words, and we had better see what all the pother is about. It arose

from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's amendment which proposed to spend £7,000,000 on two Canadian fleet units with a Dreadnought at the head of each. It was open to Mr. Borden to say that in his view the National scheme was a bad scheme. But Mr. Borden was anxious to keep party prejudice out of the subject. He resolved to get the best criticism he could and referred the amendment to the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill replied that the Canadian scheme would cost twice £7,000,000, that the fleet unit could not be manned by Canadians, and that Britain had no sailors to lend. That is the insult. It is an insult because Mr. Churchill is supposed to have wrecked the Laurier scheme. But it was wrecked long before the British Admiralty looked into it. The facts are that Sir Wilfrid Laurier began the Canadian Navy by buying two small cruisers, that he touted all over Canada for men to man the cruisers, and that of his recruits one-third have deserted. How could Mr. Churchill shut his eyes to all this? The point about money is even more obvious. Canada lacks every resource of a naval arsenal—shipwrights, plant, experience. It is lunacy to suggest that she can start on a Dreadnought at once. Why even Japan, after more than twenty years of shipbuilding, is only just beginning to build her own Dreadnoughts. We have no patience with the Canadian swelled-heads who protest that their up-to-date country can do anything. Canadian enterprise is splendid; but Canadian work, like American work, is sometimes slipshod and often extravagant.

The substance of Mr. Churchill's memorandum is thus sound. But its language was certainly provocative. It was written in confidence and consent to publication was given afterwards. It had better have been re-written first. There was a deplorable reference to South-American experience which was bound to put Canadians' backs up. One thinks of the niggers on the "Minas Geraes" training the ship's guns on Rio and shooting desperately badly. The bare hint of the comparison is unfair. Beyond doubt Canada would do better than that. But the Canadian Opposition did not attack the memorandum on its tone. They quarrelled with the Admiralty's whole attitude. The insult lies in the fact that Whitehall has criticised Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We know that the Canadian Civil Service has suffered from patronage and that the Government asked Sir George Murray to draft a reform scheme; but we did not know that things were quite so bad. Can Canadians really imagine that the British Admiralty, which is responsible every day for the existence of the Empire, troubles about party squabbles in a Dominion, and that when the Sea Lords saw Sir Wilfrid's scheme their one idea was to attack it in the interests of Mr. Borden? What Canadian Liberals must understand is that the best naval thought in the Empire was brought to bear on the Canadian Navy project and condemned it on its merits. The highest authority has said that Canada cannot build and man a first-class navy; and any schoolboy who knew something of Canadian conditions would have said the same. The point made against the Admiralty is that sooner than contradict a Canadian politician it should have held its tongue. The principle of autonomy must be respected though the Empire perish. That and nothing short of it is the new Canadian Liberal doctrine. Once adopt it and there is an end to the Empire. Canada is to have her own way and the Admiralty is to give her little technical tips for as long as she cares to ask for them. That makes Empire a sham; for if Canadian Liberals really mean what they have been saying they are rebels. If Imperial unity is necessary anywhere it is necessary for defence; but what the Canadian Liberals want is independence without its responsibilities. London is to take its orders from the caucus at Ottawa, and in return may pose as the capital of an Empire. It is not good enough. The Mr. Emerson who referred to 1776 should remember that Britain had a case and that the British people believed in their case even against Chatham. We are still the same people, and the thing we believe in above all others is our Admiralty. In our eyes it is an Imperial body and it must never become anything less. Its duty is to

tell the politicians what it thinks of their plans and its verdict is final. It has done its duty by Sir Wilfrid's memorandum and we shall not throw it over.

But though this naval issue may mean a good deal to Britain, it goes without saying that it means much more to Canada. For clearly the Liberal aim cannot be realised. The politicians are not everything, and no Board of Admiralty can palter with the truth or say that the Canadian Navy is worth anything when it knows it to be worthless. Suppose then that the Laurierites were returned to power, what would they do? They would repudiate the authority of the Empire and provide the Dominion with a paper defence. That means that they would shelter themselves behind the Monroe Doctrine and make Canada another Mexico, free in name but tied in reality as far as her foreign relations are concerned. That is the alternative to the acceptance of Empire, and Mr. Borden is the true Nationalist when he declares for Imperial union. There is no other way of giving Canada a fair share in world politics, for assuredly the Americans would treat her as a dependent State. That is the real answer to the man who so far forgot himself as to read out portions of the Declaration of Independence in the Ottawa Parliament. There can be no Canadian Declaration of Independence; it would be a worse sham than that Canadian Liberals would make the Empire. But whereas Independence would always remain a sham, Empire can be made something worth having. Mr. Borden understands, but all that the Laurierites can see is that in a real Empire somebody may contradict them. By a curious kink in their minds that appears tyranny, so the issue is joined. Rather than accept the experts' decision on a most technical matter, they will take the plunge and break the British connexion.

We can almost hear the Laurierite shouting that he is intensely loyal to the British connexion. On the evidence of the Navy Debate that is not true. He is loyal to the absence of a British connexion, loyal to forms and phrases to which he will not allow a meaning to be given. It is open to him to prove us wrong by explaining what the British connexion means positively. It is not enough for it to mean a Royal Duke in Ottawa and much satisfaction to Canadian snobbery. That is not a connexion but a piece of social parade. On the other hand, it is too much for it to mean any interference with local politics. What is left? The international field. In its dealings with foreign States the British Empire must be one exactly as the German Empire is one. We are touching the same problem as confronted the Germans in the 'sixties. Then as now the Liberals were the worst reactionaries. They prated of individual freedom and nationalities and the rest of it while foreign diplomatists laughed. Bismarck taught the Germans their lesson. It was a hard school, but the separatist traditions of centuries could be banished in no other way. The Canadian electorate of to-day is quicker-witted. It saw through reciprocity and responded finely to the call of Empire. If the Laurierites get their way and force a dissolution, they will find it impossible to bolster up a sham theory by a sham programme. Canada will understand how the choice lies—between acceptance of Empire on terms which, however difficult to work out in detail, are clear enough in principle; or else subservience to Washington.

SCREENING THE LAWLESS.

WAS there ever so grotesque an aspect of civic freedom as may be seen now any Sunday on our commons or in our parks? A few women are on a platform talking inaudibly and often all at once to the air. About the base of the platform is a body of police, sometimes several hundred strong, while beyond and about them extends a mob of many thousands, howling, shouting, singing, and whistling. What innocent could guess that the women have come there with the expressed intention of urging the mob to break the laws of the land; that the policemen are there to see that, so far as they can achieve it, the women shall

obtain a fair hearing; and that the mob, some of whom are sure to have a brush with the police and to be punished accordingly, are there to protest their faith in law and order, and their detestation of those who meanly and impudently conspire to break the one and evade the discipline of the other. Yet such a condition of things, too incredible to be suggested in a comic Utopia, has become such a commonplace of our civilities that no one appears even to find it. The suffragette, nestling for safety in the arms of the policeman she has so shamelessly maligned, no doubt finds the irony of the situation amusing, but her sense of humour is a little strained. May not one ask how long this wretched pantomime is to go on? If people desire in public places to express opinions which are soundly disliked by their neighbours, should they not be left to do it at their own risk? If by doing so they determine wilfully to provoke a breach of the peace, they should not be encouraged by the protection of the law, but deterred by its authority. Any arguments against wanton and repeated incitement to disorder which might be urged against the public proclamation of any unpopular views apply with double force to the militant outpourings of the suffragettes. What they are pleased to call political agitation is merely a defiance of the common law, and the protection of the guardians of that should not be repeatedly invoked in aid of those who are so concerned to break it. Riot, of course, must be prevented, but the prevention should be applied to those who illegally incite it. To deprive hundreds of hard-worked constables of their Sunday's rest in order that a powerful enough escort should be provided to conduct a few women from their homes to a place where they can preach arson and felony to his Majesty's subjects is to make a travesty of authority which will react injuriously in more than one direction.

The militant leaders have boasted that they are "above the law". That is a dangerous altitude, and it is just as well that they should be allowed to realise the defects of its qualities. To be out of reach of the law must always mean to be within reach of the mob. We have in this country a great respect for law, because law has shown itself strong enough to enforce its edicts. We believe in law because we believe that the penalties of the law can and will always be provided for a breach of it.

Once cause a loss of that faith and you hand over the administration of what seems to be justice to the mob. Boast yourself, apparently with good cause, to be above law, and you will discover that there is a thing called mob law to which you will be held responsible. It outrages the rough British sense of fair dealing that those who seek the assistance of the policeman on every possible occasion, and who decline to be held like ordinary mortals responsible for their illegal actions, should have the audacity to declare themselves out of the law's reach.

That is to offer a direct incentive to the mob's violence, and it will be a sorry business when the mob, exasperated by the law's ineptitude, takes the administration of justice into its own hands. We are wholly against lynch law and anything of the sort; the crowd is not to take the law into its own hands. But the policy of police protection, as now carried on, is really leading to mob law, for the law is failing to vindicate itself. In this case the mob would vindicate law in a lawless way. That cannot be allowed; but still less ought the suffragettes be allowed lawlessly to insult the law. The police ought to be there mainly to prevent the speakers setting themselves above the law: then there would be no need to protect them from the crowd.

THE CITY.

HARDLY a single cheerful factor has appeared in the Stock Markets this week. The settlement has been carried through under the most miserable conditions, and it is feared that one or two minor casualties cannot be avoided. The actual amount of liquidation has

not been heavy, but it has been too much for a market lacking support, and speculators who have been obliged to realise their commitments have done so at a serious sacrifice in some cases. Several bull accounts which were opened a few weeks ago, when the Balkan situation appeared to provide encouragement, have made severe inroads into the bank balances of small speculators.

Canadian Pacific stock has suffered most of all. It has the misfortune nowadays of being a sort of international Consols, and therefore a political and financial barometer for the world. "Can. Pacs." are an active feature of half a dozen markets—London, New York, Berlin, Amsterdam, Montreal and others. The stock is so distributed that a relatively small demand in any of those markets has a world-wide effect on prices; but let there be the slightest disturbance of confidence in one of those centres; then Canadas immediately become vulnerable at all points. The stock has to pay the penalty of its popularity—especially its popularity at Berlin. No doubt German holders have sold a good deal of stock in the last fortnight, but the weakness might be more properly attributed to the fears entertained in London and New York that Berlin was going to swamp the market with stock.

German finance is passing through a critical period, rendered more serious by American and English apprehensions of what might happen. There is always a tendency to exaggerate the possibilities of financial and commercial panic in Germany and a lack of appreciation of the elasticity of German currency. Berlin has surprised the financial world on more than one occasion by the ease with which it has emerged from conditions of monetary stringency. It has generally been found that the German bankers had made early preparations for payments falling due at the end of the quarter, and it will be a matter of great surprise if the end-March settlements in Berlin cause anything like the disturbance foreshadowed by pessimists.

However, it is quite certain that money will remain tight until after 1 April, and there is no possibility of an appreciable improvement in stock quotations before that date. The approach of the Easter holidays is an additional deterrent of activity in the market; but it does appear that purchases made at the present low level of prices will provide fairly decent profits in the course of the next two months. There has been a quiet investment absorption during the last few days which with bear covering has caused occasional rallies in quotations; but against this a fair amount of liquidation, together with selling of option stock by dealers who expect no pronounced recovery before the end of the month, has prevented any display of confidence.

Home Railways have had the benefit of the settlement of the Midland trouble, the exclusion of the time-limit from the Railways Bill and the excellent comparison of traffics with the coal-strike period a year ago, but prices have not responded very well to these influences. Stocks which recently received favourable attention from speculators, such as Grand Trunks, Mexican Rails and Associated Portland Cements, have been subject to profit-taking.

Paris, curiously enough, has not been seriously disturbed by the various reports of the situation in Berlin; but the markets usually favoured by French operators have not received much support, and the Mining markets consequently have had a sagging tendency in sympathy with other departments. Coppers at one time benefited from the indication of a better statistical position for the metal, but the volume of actual business has been very small. Even Rubber shares have displayed weakness at times, though it is thought that a recovery in the price of the commodity is nearly due, and the dividend forecasts for some of the leading companies are very encouraging. The Oil market has had further evidence of the ever-widening activities of the Shell group. Two reconstruction schemes have been announced this week, one of the North Caucasian Company and the other of the Schibaieff Petroleum. In both cases the Shell group

is assuming control, and in doing so has driven hard bargains with the companies in which it is taking a paternal interest. Undoubtedly if the Shell Combine were an American concern it would ere this have received the unwelcome attention of political investigators. Nitrate shares alone have shown consistent strength. Generally speaking the markets are in a condition in which some good bargains may be obtained by purchasers who mean to take stock up and keep it until the inevitable turn in the tide is reached.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LAND.—IX.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

"ITS note is Constancy—the wish to carry into the future the things of the past", wrote Lord Acton of the House of Lords in one of his letters in 1881. That fine saying—by in many ways an unsparing critic both of the House of Lords and the country gentlemen régime—fits equally well the land system of England. Only a filibusterer or a Philistine, without a sense of history and careless of its lessons, wishes to bludgeon out of existence a thing like that. But some people, who decidedly have a sense of history and a feeling for the wonderful ancient English institutions, seem fearful lest the settling on the land of a strong body of men answering to the yeoman class may prove such a bludgeon. A landowner, who wrote to the SATURDAY REVIEW some months ago from Scarcroft on the subject, clearly took this gloomy view. I was struck by the ring of feeling in his letter, and have looked it up again. His fears appear to be quite unfounded. Certainly nothing which has been said in this series of articles suggests that the English land system, with its immense inheritance of practice and its bonds of mutual service and responsibility, should be smashed that we may set up new temples and new gods of clay.

Perhaps the term "peasant proprietary" which was bruited about a good deal some years ago left an unpleasant impression. The term implied in some minds what I suspect was never meant by practical men who may have used it at times—the pooling of the whole land of the countryside, and then the cutting up and the dividing of it off into minute and equal fractions of soil, each fraction to be the farm of a villager, and every villager to have his holding. Such a plan would not wash. A scheme like it might be imagined for a new Atlantis, but not for an old England. It might possibly be imagined for a brand-new colony where nothing has so far ever been realised in the way of results—some Eden perhaps, but if so an Eden more on the lines of that one in Scadder's map in "Martin Chuzzlewit" than the Eden in John of Gaunt's dying speech.

The objections to such a scheme are extremely clear. One of the chief is that the English villagers *as a whole* are not a race of peasant proprietors. The thing is not in the blood and bone of them—though it is in the blood and bone of a large number of them to win their way to independence and to ownership of the land in fair-sized holdings if only they can get a reasonable chance. Whether in the future, the future far ahead, there will grow up an England at all closely resembling France in an immense number of "peasant proprietors", we cannot tell: we only know that such a change in English habit and way of life entirely does not seem to be in working politics to-day.

Large numbers of the English villagers are not thrifty enough, not near enough, in their rooted habits to fit in with such a scheme: frankly, they are not of the kind that shaves the poplar tree to its top twig for fuel as the thing is done in the husbanding, frugal way of the French.

Frankly, too, large numbers of our village worthies drink too much beer to make of themselves just now a successful peasant proprietary. I would rather not say this. It seems ungenerous. People, however, who have known much of the life of average English villages must know it true. I am not saying this in a kill-joy

spirit, or grudging the villagers their "few and simple pleasures". I distrust atrabile in these matters: the Northern Farmer was very human, and right in his way—

"Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy".

I am not suggesting we should shut up the beer-shop, or should "dash the bottle to smithers"—the Northern Cobbler was wiser than that—

"I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän".

Only it is right to point out one of the great objections to any cast-iron, universal land scheme of the kind—the great Saturday night objection.

Especially people who have stayed in English inns in remote villages or hamlets, and heard and seen the men come in after work hours, must know that ale is drunk. I used to lodge summer after summer in a little beer-shop of a sleepy angling hamlet, and I came to understand what beer-drinking means. I came to realise what Hops is. It is amazing what a man can drink at night, and yet work—and work well—next morning and all through next day. Four glasses, six glasses, eight glasses, perhaps ten glasses, twelve glasses—at a dead-lift spasm of all his drinking powers even fifteen glasses now and then it may be on a Saturday night. But could he work his own land as successfully as he works the land of another man after paying for all these glasses?

I recall one figure in particular in that hamlet of hops, the figure of a man probably not much past middle age but known to everybody as "Old George". He appeared to have no known surname. He slept in a barn, keeping quite warm and snug among some sacking, because he liked sleeping in a barn among sacking. He was well spoken of by farmers and workers alike, and seemed rarely or never out of a job. There appeared not a bit of vice in him. He had a certain shrewdness as well as kindness, and oddly enough a taste in wild flowers, with quite a nice knowledge as to where some of the best of them grew on the marsh and in the thickets by the stream. This man was an habitual six-glass, and on pay-day sometimes a twelve-glass man in that little beer-shop—where I spent many happy days and evenings not drinking beer. I mention "Old George" as an example of an English villager clearly not meant for any system of universal peasant proprietorship. And there are others.

Even remove the little beer-shop from the hamlets and villages, and conceive of such a change in habit and husbandry that the villagers proceed to shave the poplars for fuel you are not much nearer to any small fraction scheme working well in many an English district. Take, for instance, a village under the chalk downs I know well, of which old tradition says it is too healthy to die and too poor to live in. It is a fair example, for there are many villages of the kind on and under the downs, as well as afar from them. The homesteads and people are few and far between. They are not few and far between, as a sentimental traveller and stranger from London—Fleet Street very likely—guesses, because harsh owners have driven them away or ground them underfoot; but because the nature of the place is inhospitable. The markets are a long way off, the railway station is eight to ten miles. The soil is unkind. It needs capital to work a land like that—not that capital can always coax good crops out of flint. Even there a villager will sometimes come to the fore who can make a living out of the land, only give him the chance to get a holding. But it must be a holding worth the name. Divide and subdivide flint, and it yields nothing. You must have flints in some quantity, or they will not support a man at all. This kind of land does not lend itself to the "petit sous" style of culture. Flint prefers extensive to intensive husbandry in England.

But indeed to call in all the land in England, mete it out into equal lots, and then apportion it among the entire body of village workers, fit and unfit alike,

would be as wise a plan as to call in all the cash and apportion that in equal shares. It belongs to the category of a-pound-a-week-all-round for the farm-worker, or to the two-hundred-a-year-income-all-round for every man and woman in the British Isles. The weakness about all such plans is that they are wanting in practice: but are they not still more wanting in imagination? Fancy the plight of a country which, after a thousand years or so of working experience, falls back in the end on a flat-rate as a solution of human hardships and difficulties about the land! Not only equal laws and rights for everybody, but equal cash for everybody and equal bits of the earth—not only the isonomic solution but the isometric into the bargain.

If the physical and political geography of England throw light at all upon the land, they show that an isometric solution or anything approaching it would be an act of supreme folly. But it is not necessary to study such formidable sciences as physical and political geography. A walk through half a dozen parishes in three or four different parts of England, with a few inquiries and a little observation, should really begin to bring light at once. Shanks' pony and a folding map may serve as an excellent corrective for anyone who thinks that the way to solve the land riddle is to call it all in and apportion it all out.

There is no calling in and dividing up danger in the simple plan of settling once again a large body of excellent yeomen on the English soil as freeholders. There is no isometric absurdity about it. Such yeomen must of sheer necessity vary in numbers in different districts according to varying conditions of land, population, distances from markets and railways.

It will not bring the millennium. It will not give every villager a landed estate or a set income. But there is one thing it will give to every villager of worth, a thing that is now being talked of both humanely and common-sensibly; it will give him what to-day he greatly lacks—a real opportunity.

FRENCH SUFFRAGISM.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

ONE might easily imagine that we had the disease very badly: the papers are full of references to it, some deputies are interested in it, some writers positively live on it, and Madame Séverine alternately crows and foams over it; it is on the stage, it is in letters. To editors, it prospers in back rooms at the Ministry of Justice, it rings at the tribune and faintly echoes in the pulpit; we possess a *Union pour le Suffrage* affiliated to the International Alliance, and we know all about their doings: how they wrote to M. Fallières while he was in the throes of packing up, and paid homage to Madame Poincaré before she could know where she was, how they blame Mrs. Pankhurst and yet admire her; we are regaled with their pictures: we have seen the portrait of Madame Vincent, their president—who would look decidedly masculine even if she did not wear her hair short—and we have seen snapshots of a deputation to the Chamber in which Madame Vincent did not appear, and which looked, on the contrary, very unbusinesslike and unmistakably flirtatious.

But I am afraid all this agitation is very superficial: there is over it all something light-hearted which does not recall in the least the sombre beauty of what is going on in England, and on inquiry we discover that its objects have all been terribly inflated. The *Union pour le Suffrage* affiliated to the International Alliance numbers eight thousand (in eight million women reported to support themselves), and one would like to know how many even of these are better than nominal members: they publish a *Bulletin* which seems practically invisible; we are told that the suffrage has been adopted on principle by the *Commission du Suffrage Universel* at the Chamber, but it is no great progress for a motion to be adopted in Committee—when no less than eight Income Tax Bills have been passed through not a Committee but the Chamber itself, and no result ever followed—and the motion in question does not

concern the franchise, but merely the municipal vote, which French women do not yet possess; finally, we find that in the mass of journalistic chit-chat apparently devoted to suffragism there is mostly question of the much wider claims of feminism, and the confusion arises from insufficient interest. When we are told that eight million women leave their home every day to work, and that a great many of them are underpaid and placed on a terrible dilemma, that over a hundred and fifty thousand State servants are women, and that this being a new development corresponding changes ought to follow, we know we are in presence of an economic, not of a political problem; and if we see clearly that the economic solutions are difficult, we do not perceive how the franchise for women can help to find them: there are enough unsolved economic problems for men who, however, are electors. A great deal of all this is mere talk.

Probably the coincidence of the English agitation with two Parisian events—a play by M. Brieux, and another by M. Donnay—is responsible for the corresponding movements in the conversations and the flood of empty prose in the newspapers. The stage sometimes mirrors society, it often irritates passions, it hardly ever helps or even presents with any force or clarity a controverted question. M. Brieux, who appears to many people as a sort of oracle, may be a remarkable dramatist; he is only a good dramatist because he does not approach his subjects on the stage as he does in the articles which cause him to be regarded as an oracle. How does he enlighten us on the future of the working woman by telling us in "*La Femme Seule*" that his heroine Thérèse was engaged to a cad who gave her up when he found she was no heiress as he thought, that she tried to get work from another cad, or worse than cad, who took advantage of her destitution, that she started a business exclusively employing women, and so drew on herself the furious jealousy of male rivals, that eventually cad number one turned out to be a good fellow after all, and married Thérèse, who was not very loth? We do not see it: we only see a more or less successful play with one dramatic idea—the possible antagonism of men and women—which nobody wishes to see come true. But as M. Brieux after his play wrote highly feminist comments on it in the papers, the effect was the same as if the play itself had been a valuable contribution to the discussion of the suffrage. In "*Les Eclaircuses*"—now on at the Comédie-Marigny—M. Donnay makes a ruthless satire of the militant feminists, among whom a silly little creature happens to fall after giving up a good husband and before marrying another far inferior; but this does not prevent M. Victor Margueritte—a great apostle of the cause, whose chief merit is to be the brother of Paul Margueritte—from writing exultingly in the "*Figaro*" of the service done to the emancipation of women by M. Donnay. A good deal of uncriticalness and a little enthusiasm go a long way, and there is little else in the French interest in Women's Suffrage.

There is not the least doubt that if the question were left to women, the suffrage would soon cease even to be talked about in France. With very few exceptions the more refined women are not only indifferent but decidedly opposed to it: whether it be from modesty or from coquettishness, they think it unwomanly; they refuse to enter into the niceties of the question, but they feel that the effort of the Suffragists to carry their point betrays more sexual antagonism than the resistance of the men; they realise more or less explicitly that if it takes a fool to deny the fundamental equality of the sexes, it takes the silly uxoriousness of a suffragette's husband to assert it outside the smoking-room; in short, they fear that serious inconveniences are lurking under the superficial ludicrousness of the whole affair; with that rare specimen of shrewdness and energy, the French middle-class woman, the case is clearer. She is fully convinced that if she had to vote she would vote sensibly, but in the meantime she thinks all this talk about nothing a foolish waste of time; as to the army of working women, which in France as

elsewhere has gradually been pressed into the service of industrialism, they have so far failed to realise that corporative organisation is their only chance, and they are not likely to place it in a mere political reform at a time when the strongest impression in the milieus to which they belong is the absolute futility of politics and the worthlessness of politicians. It is not when imperialism or something like it is in the air, and when the popular reform of the existing suffrage might be transformed with the least dexterity into positive inequality, that a demonstration in the spirit of 1848 can have any serious chances. The only women who seem to have the proper suffragist spirit are the handful of women-professors, doctors and lawyers who form the kernel of Madame Vincent's Union, and it is remarkable that they seem to be, as a rule, mere individualists with no corporative tendencies: this, being interpreted, means that they are politicians in desire, and they have come too late in too old a world.

But if Suffragism is little better than a name in this country, and if, supposing it were left to its natural champions, it would soon vanish from public attention, it does not follow that the suffrage will not, sooner or later, be given to women. There exists at the Ministry of Justice a Board for the Reform of the Civil Code, in which the intuitions of men like M. Brieux, M. Prévost and the brothers Margueritte have long collaborated with the more practical knowledge of jurists like the late Raymond Saleilles, and the efforts of these men have already eliminated some of the more shocking legal inequalities between men and women. Such results, as well as those obtained at the Labour Office by the Conseil du Travail, do more for the adjustment of wrongs than all the outward agitation of stage, Press and public demonstrations.

The extension of suffrage prepared by the juridical studies of the Board may be realised some day in Parliament by a tacit understanding of the Socialists with a group of Conservatives believing in it for mere political reasons. There are no signs of this change besides the success in Committee of the *Projet Dussaussoy-Buisson* which I mentioned above, but the groups in Parliament are as reticent as the Chamber itself is talkative, and in the present instance quiet is the best help. If French women were rabid instead of being indifferent or amused on the subject, their chances would be small, for Suffragism is the worst enemy of the suffrage. As it is, they may find themselves voters without having fretted over the vote, and this alone matters; the English suffragists will find that their life was much more exciting when they were non-voters than when they are; and what is the good of only changing disappointments?

A SCHNITZLER MATINEE.

By JOHN PALMER.

NEMESIS is not a myth. I was a week ago lamenting that in the dramatic world to-day it is always afternoon; that there is nothing worth beating one's brains about, or beating out the brains of other people; that the present position is made up of causes already lost, or causes not yet in being. Immediately the "*Stage Society*" presents the London critics with a Schnitzler matinee, and immediately every blockhead is a prophet in his own country. No longer is it a question of having no heads to hit. It is worse. The heads are, in more senses than one, so thick that enterprise becomes absurd. Fighting is well enough; but butchery is vulgar. One fears to be caught at the limit of one's passion, like Ajax among the herds. Schnitzler's critics are past argument:

"The nursery lisps out in all they utter;
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter".

To some of my readers Schnitzler may be little more than a name. Let me therefore explain by analogy the precise character of the blunders so thickly scattered through the newspapers of Tuesday last. The outrages perpetrated by the London critics upon Schnitzler

are the repetition upon a small contemporary stage of blunders perpetrated by six or seven generations of English critics upon English comedy at large. There are two periods in the history of the English theatre when English drama reflected the temperament of English life. The first and greatest was the period of Elizabeth; the second was the period of the later Stuarts. The second period was quite unlike anything within English historical experience before or since. It was unique, brief, and brilliant—so unique that it had to invent a special sort of comedy for its expression, quite unlike anything in native or foreign literature; so brief that within a single generation of its flourishing the attitude of its people was entirely lost; so brilliant that even the critics who failed to recover the temperament of the period had to make all sorts of excuses for their admiration. This comedy, being an imaginative reflexion of life, was in its best examples the perfect expression of a very definite and positive morality. But it was not the morality of the critics who afterwards wrote about it. The criticism of the small-fry of two hundred years took one of two lines. Either they described this natural artistic product of a period they did not understand as "artificial"; or they described it as "immoral". What exactly did they mean by "artificial"? Artificial art is either a pleonasm, or it simply means art which you do not happen to like, art which is false, and therefore not art at all; in fact, the term "artificial" signified nothing but the critics' vague displeasure. The term "immoral" was worse. It presupposed that these English comedies were a boulder's week-end in Paris; that they were a deliberate breach of the understandings upon which society of the time was founded; that the sentiments of Mirabell were elaborate exercises in impiety. The two schools of criticism suggested in the terms "artificial" and "immoral" have between them utterly killed the reputation of their victims. They determined that readers of this comedy, instead of realising that its people were observing a code of their own, should very clearly realise that its people were breaking the code of somebody else.

This is precisely what has happened to Schnitzler. The historical method has in vain been invented. The art of criticism has in vain been brought at least within reach of a few elementary first principles. Queen Anne is dead; but the "Times" to-day might be the "Tatler" this time two centuries ago. Viennese Schnitzler perfectly reflects the attitude towards life of just such a group of social figures as frequented Covent Garden in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the seventeenth century in England. At all points we are driven back upon the seventeenth century. For an atmosphere delicately suggested we must go right back to Etherege before in England we can find anything of equal refinement; for a positive morality logically coherent through every word and deed of its subscribers we must go back at least as far as Congreve. For an equally beautiful expression of a piece of life, presented with the minimum of affectation, we must go back, halting not even at Sheridan, to the one great age of English comedy. Such is the "Comtesse Mizzi" of Arthur Schnitzler, who is this week solemnly invited by the critics of England to be less "artificial"; to square his values, moral and artistic, with the ideals of a Victorian middle-class interior; to be decent and natural and true.

Schnitzler gives local habitation and a name to the impression left upon his imagination by the Viennese life of his time; and his artistic sincerity gives to his work a moral consistency which is in itself a kathartic for the feeling and intelligence of anyone not thoroughly besotted with the shams of modern English play-making. But the English critic brings to this work a dead imagination and an active conscience. The laws determining the conduct of Schnitzler's people are not laws whereby his own conduct is determined *foris et domi*. It is enough. It is the end of comedy and of all art to show by instances that the only life worth living is life of a desirable residence in

a residential quarter of the modern English town. Schnitzler has written comedies of sex upon a tacit understanding that society is based upon sex relations between men and women terminated at will. These relations are governed by a positive morality of their own. It is not the morality of marriage—Christian or secular. But it is none the less definite; and so long as Schnitzler's people keep within shelter of Schnitzler's laws his comedy is consistent and morally inoffensive. His English critics would have him wind up with a moral in favour of English family life, not perceiving that this would destroy not only the artistic but the moral value of his comedy. It is conceivably of no moral advantage to know that, when nitric acid is poured into copper, the result is a red fume, which is nice or nasty according to taste: but it quite certainly does not make for anybody's moral improvement to be told that there is no reaction whatever.

Let us pursue the English historical analogy a little further. Schnitzler, like Congreve, expresses in his comedies a definite attitude towards life; and his comedies are founded upon a positive system of morality. Having expressed himself in an entirely natural and unaffected manner, Schnitzler, like Congreve, is asked to be less "artificial"; and to "let a little fresh air" into his comic scene. It so happens that English Farquhar has done precisely what Viennese Schnitzler is invited to do. Farquhar is supposed to have let fresh air into the artificial comedy of Congreve; and he has for generations been praised for improving the morality of a corrupt theatre. What he actually did was to turn the morality of the comic world of Congreve into the immorality of the comic world of Mr. Brookfield. There is no moral offence in the loves of Mr. Brisk and my Lady Froth. There is very grievous moral offence in the loves of Mr. Archer and my Lady Sullen. Farquhar's fresh air was an English fog, not yet dispersed.

This Schnitzler *matinée* and the way in which the English critics have received it is a flat challenge to every self-respecting person who has the least enthusiasm for good work, English or foreign. I shall return to the "Comtesse Mizzi" upon the first possible opportunity—also to the second Schnitzler play of Monday last, which in a wonderfully different way is equally a work of genius. It is useless talking about a regeneration of the English theatre when every successive production of the least consequence is the occasion for a further exhibition of incompetence on the part of persons who are supposed to lead the public taste. There have been precisely three occasions in the last two years when, for critics, there was an opportunity for good work. The reception in London of the first translations of Tchekoff, Strindberg and Schnitzler make it quite clear that, despite the fashion which prevails in newspapers to-day of periodically publishing mechanical eulogies of Ibsen, plays of genius are no more likely to be understood now than they were half a century ago.

ASPECTS OF ROME IN 1913.

By ALICE MEYNELL.

THE chief novelties exposed to the reluctant eyes of visitors to Rome, after an absence of two years, are the finished temple to the "Divine" Victor Emanuel—to give the monument on the Capitoline a title fit for the antiquity it imitates; and the newly opened bridge about midway among the bridges of Rome.

The temple is not without beauty, but in one respect it imitates antiquity faultily; it is so huge in its mass and in the scale of its detail as to dwarf the little Forum lying low behind it, the whole little Forum, its two historic arches, its pillars—Byron's, no longer "with the buried base"—and the rest of the graceful ruins. All these were dutiful in their proportion, in relation to the little hills of Rome and in relation to the stature of man, our one rod of measurement, which antiquity, while it was wise, respected. The new temple respects it not at all. Thus it crushes not present Rome only,

but its own models and exemplars, the monuments of a revered antiquity. As to the present city, the Rome of brown tiles and tawny walls, of roof gardens and the surprises of small trees among high house-tops, hooded hollows, translucent shadows under arches and delicate lights, the Rome of little and accidental things and fragments, it is crushed and crumpled by the temple as a handful of coloured leaves by a heavy hand. And the temple confesses, with an unintentional candour, its colossal size to be à l'adresse of S. Peter. Seated on the Capitoline it obviously alludes to the other colossus seated on the slope of the Vatican, outside of the range of the classical seven hills. The upper part of the temple has been finished—after much waiting for more funds that even the confiscation of the profits of agriculture throughout the exhausted nation has failed to yield—with an imitation of marble. The equestrian statue to which the temple is but a background can hardly, in this lovely climate, be seen for its gilding. But, having called the building a temple, I should withdraw the name. For this, the strangest monument in the world, the pile that weighs upon Rome and dominates the Agro Romano, is not a building at all, but a curtain. Its uncountable steps lead to nothing, it has no body, it has no within; it has no back; it is columns, and still more columns. In its splendour it yet reminds one of the coiffure of the aunts in "The Mill on the Floss". It is a "front".

The new stone bridge is open, and the iron girder-bridge that has for twenty years disfigured the view of the Tiber up and down is closed, and will shortly be carted away to bestride the Anio among the hills, where it will look anything but well. The tramcars that it has carried will be carried by the way now completed. The new bridge thus becomes the next neighbour of the age-long familiar bridge of Sant' Angelo, the upper bridge of Rome when there were but few. It has never carried tramcars between its angels, beautiful dancing angels each tripping with one of the instruments of the Saviour's Passion—spear, nails, reed, cross. To-day this structure and this sculpture, of such Roman taste and dancing-master's grace, looks modest, looks moderate and sincere, in comparison with the truculence of its new neighbour. For the latest of now so many bridges over the Tiber has piers immensely too high, carrying a Victory and a Fame too much aloft, and charged all along its course with colossal groups of allegorical sculpture alternating with dwarf obelisks. The august Egyptian obelisks that stand at great intervals in Rome—at S. Peter's, at the Lateran, at the Trinità, in the Piazza del Popolo, before Santa Maria Maggiore—should have taught modern Rome that obelisks are necessarily things of stature; but you may pat the many obelisks of the new bridge on the head. Of the allegorical groups Rodin was obviously the father—well, the reputed father.

Time was when the later Renaissance ruled Rome and set its flourishing signature everywhere. At the present day the Risorgimento fights it, foot to foot. And the Rome of the Middle Ages is by these two equally despised. Its chief witnesses are a few desolate churches and the apses of the basilicas, at the far end of the heavy ceilings with their stucco and gold—these, and the great pavements, and the little towers; a company of the slender and dusky towers of Rome, infinitely more beautiful than her more renowned cupolas. Now that all things are matter for authorship, some good writer should make his study of a gathering of the towers. The Renaissance visibly contemned them, and the Risorgimento would willingly have them away; one of them trembles now on the brink of an excavation and an improvement. But a bunch of them as they stand would make a most beautiful anthology.

The municipality are still bent on diminishing the extent of great grey pavements, and their ideal of the "Square" (they borrow the name) encroaches; there are yearly more enclosures, sometimes planted with a sickly palm or two, growing flowerless grass, and defended by barbed wire. The majestic space before the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore has lately been made

subject to this change, which pleases the authorities by as much likeness as the sun will allow to Bloomsbury. But the re-naming of conspicuous streets has gone no further, and the by-streets of Rome, being despised, will no doubt keep for some time yet their old names—the Street of Serpents, for example, the Street of Good Counsel, the Street of Humility, the Street of the (female) Cat. The change of name of the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza Francesco Ferrer was threatened, but it has not taken place, and meanwhile Ferrer gets forgotten. But every year brings to man's estate more men called Temistocle (Themistocles), Ercole (Hercules), Tiberio (Tiberius), Eliogabalo (Heliogabalus), whose fathers were Anthony and Dominic. When these classic names are given at the font (though not all infants are now carried thither) the officiating priest stipulates for the addition of a more Christian name; and the boy becomes Tiberius Bartholomew, or Heliogabalus Joseph, to his future confusion.

Demolition and building go on apace. Yet more new hotels, for which the little irregular city is falling bit by bit, are even now raising most vile faces. But it is some years since the view of the Tiber, upward and downward, was marred by houses of the domino order—dominos (sixes) standing on end. But for these the river, embanked, would be beautiful indeed. For, lest I should seem to name none but the offending changes of this changing Rome, let me hasten to praise the noble embankment that has given health to the city. If it could but remain white (the stone is apt to blacken under the action of the Tiber water) the simple river walls would be perfectly beautiful. What is built upon the broad boulevard of the embankment—that is lamentable.

Destruction, demolition, Renaissance, Risorgimento have dealt with Rome by turns. They have left it, at any rate, its sky. It is the most smokeless city in Europe, and lies under the most heavenly sky. How simple and how natural it is that a sky should be heavenly! But other skies have something too much of earth—smoke, exhalations, low-flying clouds, tender mists. Not so this Roman heaven, until and unless the factories—exempted from taxation in the neighbourhood of Italian towns—come at last. The sky is left, but the Risorgimento has planned a new Rome; the plans are at the present moment in the Prefect's hands. This strait and serried city is to be turned into a city of broad and league-long streets and domino houses, as much like to Indianapolis as is consistent with the touch of Bloomsbury already mentioned.

The prospect vexes us; but we should doubtless have been yet more indignant had our portion of life been in the time, not of the Risorgimento, but of the Renaissance, when the pick-axe was laid, with malice and with triumph, to the root of the Middle Ages. With insurgent and protesting hearts should we have seen S. Peter's arise, and Bernini swagger, setting everything a-flutter that was by nature or character rigid or simple—even the priest's chasuble, even S. Veronica's solemn handkerchief. And now we would most willingly guard our Bernini from the insults of the Risorgimento, our Bernini, the greatest of swaggerers and the most glorious.

THE BOAT RACE.

By L. E. JONES.

THERE is a well-worn tale, told every year over a single glass of port by the elder to the younger members of a 'Varsity crew, of how in 1886 the father of the Cambridge stroke stood at his club and watched the tape machine ticking off an account of how the Boat Race was going. At every well-known point in the course—the Crabtree, Hammersmith, Chiswick Eyot, Duke's Meadows—Oxford were recorded as leading, and when at length Barnes Bridge was reached, and Cambridge were still a length or more behind, the parent of a famous rowing family turned sorrowfully away and returned to his own house, there to spend the day in gloomy depression. Late in the evening his son, the hero of the first Boat Race in which the crew

that lay behind at Barnes had nevertheless snatched a victory, returned to the parental home, and, braced to meet the embarrassment of acclamation, was astonished to receive only lacrimose condolence.

That was Mr. F. I. Pitman. Some years later Mr. Harcourt Gold and then the late Mr. Culme Seymour stroked Oxford to a like victory. This year makes the fourth exception to the rule that the crew leading at Barnes Bridge wins the race.

The race on Thursday was sufficiently surprising throughout its whole course, and the finish was really dramatic. The practice of the crews had seemed to show that, while Oxford were disappointingly sluggish and lacking in life and pace, they nevertheless had that one indispensable quality for the 'Varsity course, length, together with sufficient uniformity and leg-work to make it fairly certain that they would win.

For Cambridge, on the other hand, quite apart from their notable ill-luck in the matter of ill-health and the consequent changes in the crew, were never at any time particularly long in the water or particularly well together. The last week of training they certainly improved, more especially in their beginnings, which gave them more life than their rivals; but they never acquired the long swing and drive which would have seemed necessary to any crew who might hope to beat Oxford. Hence the general opinion of rowing men was, that Cambridge, by rowing a faster stroke, might, given good weather and the luck of the toss, make a capital race of it till Hammersmith or a little beyond, but that Oxford would row them down.

Cambridge did make a magnificent race of it, and Oxford did row them down—but it was not at all the kind of race that had been looked for.

There was calm water, a slackish tide, and a light breeze smoothing down the tide from off the Surrey shore when the race started nearly ten minutes after time. Oxford seemed to get the better start, and take a few feet off Cambridge, but it was not for long: and at the boat-houses Cambridge were well ahead.

The surprising thing was, both at this point and thenceforward, that Oxford rowed a slightly faster stroke than Cambridge, and it was Cambridge whose superior length kept them ahead.

Neither crew were rowing really well, but Oxford were rowing badly. Stroke was hurrying forward, the whole crew were short and bustling, flying their blades and finishing light. Meanwhile Cambridge, helped by the long bend and most admirably steered—their coxswain must have gained them a length between the Crabtree and the Doves—were able to gain slowly, while rowing a slightly slower stroke than Oxford. It was alarming for Oxonians on the launches to see Oxford have ten hard ones off the Crabtree and yet make no impression. Cambridge were a length ahead under Hammersmith Bridge, and, still helped by the long bend, they gained yet more up Chiswick Eyot. Here the wind was against the tide, and the water was ruffled and choppy. To fulfil expectations at this point Oxford should have made their extra weight, and their reputed extra length, tell and overhaul Cambridge through the rough water and against the head wind.

But not a bit of it. Cambridge, who rowed with excellent determination, felt the wind very much, and were visibly shortening; but Mr. Horsfall seemed quite unable to recover either length or rhythm. He and his crew got shorter and shorter—the bow side became late—their hands were heavy and their finishes tight—and, as an old Oxford Blue described it, they "floundered" up Duke's meadows. Cambridge were also very rocky, but they were a length and a half ahead and well-nigh directly in Oxford's water, and the moral effect of that is tremendous. And so they shot Barnes Bridge. If ever a race seemed over at Barnes, this one did.

True, Oxford henceforward had the benefit of the bend. But that short, ragged crew did not look like making the most of anything—and it must be remembered that a crew who has been behind up to Barnes is just about "through" as a rule. The one faint hope for them lay in the equal raggedness and shortness of Cambridge, who, with two men short of training, were

in pitiful plight—but two dead-beat crews do not as a rule change places. And then the thrill came. Mr. Horsfall suddenly got longer. It was a difficult thing to do at this stage—far more difficult than to quicken, but he managed to do both. His crew were splendid. They backed him up upon the instant, and for the first time during the race—except perhaps during the first few minutes—the Oxford crew rowed as they had sometimes rowed in practice, with real length and rhythm. Their blades got together—they swung out to it, and they went up with a rush. The Cambridge coxswain was forced to sheer out a little and put on his rudder. Cambridge fought gamely, but it was all over with them. The moral effect of seeing your supposed beaten rivals suddenly lengthen and get together and come up on the inside station must be very depressing. Cambridge—and one must always remember their half-trained men—were too short and scratchy to respond; and opposite the brewery—in that last straight quarter of a mile—Oxford went clean past them and won by three-quarters of a length.

It was hard on Cambridge, who had rowed above their form. Mr. Tower showed good judgment in the early stages, and kept his length and life most creditably—but by Barnes his men were "baked" and there was no more to be done than creep home. Ninety-nine times in a hundred he would have succeeded with a crew behind him rowing as little well as did Oxford for the greater part of the course. But while Mr. Horsfall failed to get his length or his crew together for so long, his spurt at the end—made in the right way of lengthening as well as quickening—was truly amazing. It was a bit of admirable oarsmanship in him and his crew, as well as a fine example of pluck; and it is difficult to write about it so soon after the wild excitement of seeing it without indulging in hyperbole.

Nevertheless, both praise and sympathy are due to Cambridge. They had exceptional ill-luck in their training, and they rowed a far better race than anyone expected of them. It must be entirely sickening to be beaten in that way—and their only solace must be in the thought that Oxford were, at their best, the better crew, and that Cambridge gave them the fright of their lives. Cambridge rowed better than Oxford for most of the way—but nothing could be done against so surprising a recovery. It was a race between second-class crews, but it was a very memorable one.

INFLUENZA.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE Italians called it influenza, because they believed it came from the stars; and I dare say that is as good an explanation as any other of the deadly epidemic that is raging among us at present. One of the results of scientific enlightenment has been to change our conception of the force, or group of forces, called Nature. We used to consider Nature as a gentle, amiable, and beneficent thing, entirely convenient to mankind. Happiness and health were natural; pain and disease were unnatural. That was a very simple and happy philosophy; it is a pity it was not true. For disease is as natural as health; in fact it is itself a kind of excessive health—health, that is to say, in something other than the subject. If dirt be only matter in the wrong place, disease is only life in the right place—the right place, that is to say, for its own development; the wrong place from the standpoint of the thing affected by it. What a vista of the kind of universal benevolence wrongly called humanitarianism is here opened up! The gentle little bacillus that wanders about seeking an environment in which it can obey the universal law of increase and multiplication—why should we deny it a home, even if that home be a part of our own organism? Why indeed? But I am afraid that the most enthusiastic devotee of life breaks down when he is asked to welcome it on these terms. The pneumo-coccus germ, which I understand is the latest little stranger to visit our shores, has been holding a high festival of life in the southern part of England

during the last few months, with the result that the human death-rate has considerably gone up. He has received no welcome such as would be accorded to a human potentate of a thousandth part of his power; but he has received most respectful treatment. Invisible to the eyes of all but a few bacteriologists, he has nevertheless, like an invading enemy, been dealt with in military fashion. The intelligence department, armed with microscopes and test tubes, have given timely warning of his presence and located him; and the whole army of physicians, some armed with the most antiquated weapons, others employing means and methods as cunning and as subtle as his own, have joined issue with him on a thousand battlefields. For Armageddon is with us always; every drop of blood in one's body is a battlefield, with its hosts for us, and its hosts against us, and the grim Fates sitting above to decide the issue.

There is something infinitely mysterious about this continual assault of one kind of life upon another. If one host is vanquished, another comes up to take its place; the reserve of Nature in this matter being infinite. I have just sneezed, and I suppose expelled some thousands of microbes who were advancing to the attack upon me. But I know that there are millions more to come, and that if only one of them gets a really good establishment in my system, and a little time in which to make his domestic arrangements in peace, I, as an individual entity, may possibly disappear from the earth in the space of a few weeks. I can't say that I find anything very terrifying in the thought; it makes life on the whole rather amusing. Nor can I help being entertained by a consideration of the almost cynical tactics pursued by the enemy in this campaign. The case of influenza is apposite. Many people still remember the deadly epidemic of 1889 and 1890, when it made what was apparently its last concentrated attack upon the human race. Before the scientific age it found us very easy to deal with, as when in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the sittings of the Paris Law Courts had to be suspended because of it; when sermons had to be abandoned because of coughing and sneezing; and when in the year 1510 masses could not be sung for a couple of months. It turned back Kempenfelt's fleet from the shores of France in 1782, the men, suddenly seized in its grip, being unable to work the ships. But human knowledge and experience began to make formidable resistance. The influenza bacillus, although its existence was still unsuspected, found its movements seriously hampered by the powers opposed to it. Then in 1889 it began to gather itself together for a mighty effort. In May of that year it appeared simultaneously in Bokhara and in Greenland. About the middle of October it appeared in Tomsk, and by the end of the month in St. Petersburg. It established itself throughout Russia during the next month, and from there worked to the principal capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, and Madrid. During December it was busy on the coast of the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and the United States. January 1890 it devoted almost entirely to England, and in February it thoroughly covered Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Holland. In the same month it had also got to work in Capetown, in Canada, in Algiers, in Corsica, in Mexico, and the West Indies. As the earlier places affected began to recover, it continued to spread over a wider area, from Newfoundland to Ceylon, from Japan to Sierra Leone. March saw India invaded, particularly Bengal and Burma; in April and May it was epidemic all over Australasia, and in Arabia and Brazil. The summer and autumn were devoted chiefly to islands and remote places, and towards the end of the year it had reached the interior of China, Abyssinia and Kashmir. It had covered the entire globe in fifteen months. It continued the attack throughout the early part of 1891, when the highest number of deaths in England alone—over sixteen thousand—were recorded in one epidemic.

In those days it was much more severe and sudden in its attack. People were seized with bitter pains in their bones in a few minutes. Workmen wheeling

barrows had to put them down and leave them where they lay. An omnibus driver was unable to stop his horses. A medical student playing cards was unable to continue his game. The contemporary account of the symptoms described the almost universal effect as "pains in the limbs and general sense of aching all over; frontal headache of special severity; pains in the eyeballs, increased by the slightest movement of the eyes; shivering; general feeling of misery and weakness, many patients, both men and women, giving way to weeping; nervous restlessness; inability to sleep, and occasionally delirium"—and so on. That was undoubtedly the high tide of triumph for influenza of the old kind. It has never had such a success since. Succeeding epidemics were more isolated and less severe, and latterly it had seemed that influenza as a serious scourge had more or less disappeared.

But of course it had not. The enemy was only preparing for another campaign. In the parliaments of bacilli it was probably recognised that they must move with the times, adopt modern methods, and abandon the conservative and obsolete policy of the existing germ government, which had been living on the reputation of its great success in 1891. So a new campaign was prepared, the army reorganised, and an expedition of pneumo-cocci sent over to England to try to take us by surprise. They very nearly did so. But for certain steadfast persons armed with microscopes and stains and slides and test tubes, their success might have been enormous. As it is, they have thoroughly embarrassed us. The old days when people could be made to put down their wheelbarrows suddenly, and medical students arrested in the very act of doubling no trumps, seem to have gone; but thousands of wretched people are walking about trying to do work for which they feel thoroughly unfit, not knowing what is the matter with them, and having no apparently definite symptom of disease. Or else they think they have one of those two vaguest of all vague things—a sore throat or a cold. But it is our old friend the influenza bacillus in a quite new dress, and with quite new reserves of deadly intention and execution at his command. And so presumably it will go on, and when through much suffering and death the human race has become habituated to this new germ, some other novelty will be sent forth to take its place. So do be careful, my friend with the cold or sore throat, and don't be fooled by the subtle disguises of the enemy.

In our fragment of time we seem to be making progress, and more or less paralysing these blind attacks of the enemy before they have time to develop. But one cannot help wondering who wins in the end; or if anything wins, except that one principle of life of which the influenza germ, and the human sage whom it succeeds in killing, are alike expressions and examples

CORRESPONDENCE.

HILLIARD AND HOLBEIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Mr. Collins Baker disputes my statement that the miniature art of Nicholas Hilliard came from Holbein. "Holbein", he says, "learnt the art of miniature when he was in England; there is abundant quality in Hilliard and all the English miniaturists derived only from the school that Holbein found here." May I amplify a little? I should be the last to deny that there was before Holbein an English school of "miniature" painting, and a very fine one, in the sense of small pictures in illuminated manuscripts; it is one of the gross mistakes in books on the English School that these paintings do not take their place in the story. Among these "miniatures", moreover, are to be found portraits like the famous fifteenth-century Chaucer. But with the rise of printing this art fell into decay, and Holbein, so far as I know, began the practice here of the detached "miniature" portraits in water-colour to which we usually now give the name. I know, to turn to the second point, that accord-

ing to Walpole Holbein had never practised water-colour painting "till he came to England, where he learned it of Lucas Cornelisz". It has been shown that if Holbein learned from any Lucas in England, it was probably Lucas Hornebolt, not Cornelisz, but in any case there is no question of an English teacher. The earlier "miniature" painting he turned to for models is much more likely to have been Netherlandish than English.

Next, as to Hilliard. My authority for the source of his art is Hilliard himself. He says in the "Treatise Concerning the Arte of Limning" (recently printed from the MS. for the Walpole Society by Dr. Philip Norman) that of cunning strangers ever the best came to King Henry VIII's court,

amongst whom came the most excelent painter and limner Haunce Holbein, the greatest master truly in both those arts after the life that ever was, so cuning in both together, and the neatest; and therewithal a good inventor, soe compleat for all three as I never heard of any better than hee. Yet had the King in wages for limning [i.e. water-colour painting] divers others; but *Holbein's maner of limning I have ever imitated and howld it for the best*, by reason that of truth all the rare sciences, especially the arts of carving, painting, gouldsmiths, imbroderers, . . . came first unto us from the strangers, and generally they are the best and most in number.

Hilliard, then, is very definite on the point that he derives from Holbein, and that the good models generally were foreigners. His art, it is true, differs from Holbein's in strength and in temper. Holbein is graver and solidier; but I am prepared to maintain that no Englishman ever rendered so thoroughly that particular side of English character. Hilliard was not only a slighter man and less certain artist, but grew up in a different atmosphere. He is an Elizabethan, fanciful, romantic; his Englishman is "Italianate" instead of Germanic, the Englishman of the age of poetical warriors, poison cooks, and sonneteering courtiers. This was one kind of Englishman, but not more English than the men rendered by Holbein, not indeed so much, since those portraits are not so completely men.

For, to return to the "national" question in portraiture, what we call "national" at any one moment is fundamentally expressed as a group of imaginative qualities, which may be broken up and exchanged for others, or may persist, but not in the artistic foreground. In Gothic times the imaginative centre for England was in France; with the Reformation it shifted for a time to Germany, and Holbein, the painter of the Reformers, marks that moment in English art. Then in Elizabeth's time Italy became the centre, but did not send us an artist till she had shaped Van Dyck. In the interval our artists were working on mixed northern traditions while the climate had changed. We had no one the least like Titian in the sixteenth century, and no one in the seventeenth to stand up for the submerged half-world against the Van Dyck flood; in a word, no Rembrandt. He, too, arrived late, in the very British shape of Hogarth, though even Hogarth's portraits are not a little Lelyesque. In the eighteenth century something imaginative did at last happen in the prevailing portrait tradition, something slight, but sufficient. Just as in France Watteau made a new thing of the Rubens tradition, so Gainsborough made a new thing of the Van Dyck tradition. But in Gainsborough's imagination, apart from the people he painted, I can see nothing that is necessarily "English". I do see a general distinction between Northerner and Southerner; but the English seem to me to box the temperamental and imaginative compass; they are at present becoming the most gay and frivolous race in Europe, while the French are steadily growing serious in the ancient British fashion.

But I run on too long: my object was to expose myself thoroughly, so that Mr. Baker may be tempted to put in corrections from his exact learning on these subjects; perhaps he will give us an article on Hilliard.

Yours faithfully

D. S. MACCOLL.

EDUCATION AND COMMERCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Magdalene College Cambridge
12 March 1913.

SIR—In your last issue you speak of me as a teacher who is inclined to "commercialise" education. This phrase so entirely misrepresents my position that I shall be grateful if you will allow me to say a few words on the subject.

I desire indeed to commercialise education, in so far as I believe that everyone's education ought to be primarily a wage-earning asset. Indeed I consider that any education which does not fit a boy to earn his living is ipso facto a fraud. If a boy is turned out, after an elaborate public-school education, so inefficient for practical purposes that he cannot at once, if necessary, earn a living wage, I think that, commercially speaking, the contract between the parent and the schoolmaster has not been fairly fulfilled, except perhaps in a few cases of hopeless incapacity.

Why I desire most earnestly to see compulsory Greek done away with, as a step, I frankly admit, to still further modernisation of the curriculum, is because my experience—twenty years as a schoolmaster, ten years as a don—has convinced me that the classics are a hard subject, demanding special aptitude, and not fitted to train the mind of the average boy. The average boy, when he leaves school, has not mastered classics, and he has not had time to master anything else. For instance, though the classical standard for Little-go is admittedly very low, it is hardly possible to find passages for unseen translation easy enough to give many boys a chance of passing at all. The result of the classical curriculum on many boys is that it simply starves their minds and quenches intellectual interests. The classical curriculum does not commercialise education in such cases, it simply nullifies it.

What I desire to see is a larger range of alternatives, together with higher standards, which would encourage special aptitudes. And though I think that the first object of education is to equip a boy for practical life, I hold that it is equally important, indeed more important, to communicate intellectual tastes and ideas. A classical education seems to me often to do neither. I do not for a moment deny the high stimulus of the classics for boys of real linguistic and literary ability; but no one with any practical experience in secondary education can conscientiously say that the average passman, who has been through a classical course, is either practically efficient or intellectually alive. I do not say that a wider range of alternative subjects would necessarily effect an entire change, but I do maintain, from a lifelong and careful study of the results, that the outcome of the present system is, in a large percentage of cases, so absolutely negative and even futile that some very drastic change is imperative.

I am etc.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

[We cannot in a note discuss with Mr. Benson the whole question of classics in education. We would only say that we have no desire to misrepresent Mr. Benson's view; and we must say that his letter does not seem to show the word "commercialise" does seriously misrepresent him.—ED. S.R.]

"SCOTTISH LIFE AND POETRY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Royal Circus Edinburgh, 4 March 1913.

SIR—May I point out that in my chapter on primitive folk in Scotland I do not say there were "Scots" in the land; but there were people in the country before the Scots came from Ireland into Argyllshire, and the glimpses which we can get of these are helpful and necessary in such a study as mine.

Your reviewer objects to the statement that "there is a literature of song and legend in the northern land which was there before the Saxon and the Norman came". I do not mean only written literature, into

which in the seventh or eighth century floated "by oral transmission a great mass of heroic saga". It is still here in the fragments of lay and story among the Gael, the roots of which are far back. The late Alexander Carmichael could have told us about it, as no other could.

Undoubtedly "Thomas the Rhymer" was a very happy nickname. A nickname it was, and that it was a happy one is proved by the fact of its survival through the ages. I do not say that this was a peculiarly Scottish habit, but I do say that the Scots peasantry have a gift in that respect which I have not seen excelled anywhere.

In regard to Lord Macaulay being admitted on the ground of his "purest Scottish descent", one has only to look at it to see that the fact of his having had an English mother, and of being born and educated in England, could not obliterate that descent. A man whose great-grandfather was minister of Tiree and Coll, whose grandfather was minister successively of Barra, South Uist, Lismore, and Inverary (where the whole of their work would be in the Gaelic tongue), and whose father got his Jamaican appointment solely because of his being a Scotsman, was not only Scottish of the Scots, but in spirit and blood Gaelic of the Gael. He himself frequently asserted his claim to this right of his.

Your reviewer points out that Thomas Campbell and Thomas Davidson are not mentioned in my book. Alas! if he had only passed on to the chapter succeeding that on Scott, of which he speaks so kindly, he would have found that it begins with consideration of Thomas Campbell, and gives three pages to him; while Davidson is spoken of in his place also.

The few misprints are doubtless a pity, but your reviewer must know the great difficulty in securing that a book of 200,000 words should be immaculate in its first impression.

Again thanking him for his kind notice.

Believe me yours very truly

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT—THE NEXT MOVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

88 Bishop's Mansions Fulham
19 February 1913.

SIR—It is impossible to have put more concisely, yet more completely than you have done, the salient features of the debate in the House of Lords on the Welsh Church last week. Your remarks on the Bishop of Oxford's speech are in fact endorsed and emphasised by the remarkable and telling letter in the "Times" of that kindest and least militant of men the Archdeacon of Middlesex. I was in the House of Lords during the greater part of the really brilliant debate last week—brilliant, that is to say, on the part of the Opposition. The Government—only two of whose members spoke—said little. It was painful to one who, like myself, knew well that great Churchman, the first Earl Beauchamp, one of the Church's truest sons, to hear his son adopting Mr. McKenna's constantly refuted figures and talking nonsense about "a Free Church in a Free State" when the Government are forcibly separating the oldest dioceses from the Convocation of Canterbury. Lord Crewe, many people thought, was simply talking against time to tire out some of the Unionist Peers and diminish the majority.

In the Lower House of Convocation—to be congratulated on its election unanimously of so able a Prolocutor steeped in its tradition and lore as Archdeacon Stocks—the Archdeacons of Dorset and Brecon and others pertinently asked what was to be done? The time for speaking is over, the time for action is come. Notwithstanding all the exertions of the Church Defence Committee, which has not received a tithe of the money needed, apathy exercises its fatal influence. Men talk as if we

were living in the Mid-Victorian era and that somehow or other things will come right. There are also those who say "It is only Wales!"—a selfish view, which is utterly untrue. Money—few know that practically in the 'nineties the late Duke of Westminster found most of the money for the defence of the Church—but still more hard personal work in influencing public opinion in trams, railway carriages, clubs, houses of business, drawing-rooms, and wherever men and women congregate is needed. There must be outdoor meetings and processions to arrest public attention, and, as the Archdeacon of Dorset suggests, formal synodical condemnation of the Bill. Great as were the speeches of the Bishops of S. Asaph and S. Davids in the Lords, so justly commended by the Marquis of Lansdowne, I am inclined to think that that of the Bishop of S. Albans, in which he solemnly repeated in the House of Lords what he has before said in his diocese, that he would rather go out into the wilderness with the Welsh Bishops than remain a Bishop of the Established Church was the most important. For what does that mean? An amendment from the Conservative side should be moved making the Bill applicable to the whole country. That would be a bomb for the Government, for such an entirely novel proposal must go to the country, and then apathy would give way to an enthusiasm few can conceive.

I am Sir your obedient servant

ERNEST J. A. FITZROY.

HOW TO DEAL WITH HUNGER STRIKERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 March 1913.

SIR—Readers of "Tom Jones", which I take to be a synonym for educated Englishmen, will remember how on one occasion that hero declined to give certain information sought by Mr. Thwackum, whereupon the reverend gentleman declared that he would have it out of him otherwise. I venture to suggest to a judicious public that this course might with advantage be followed in respect of criminals of both sexes—here, at all events, equality is just—who on being sentenced to imprisonment seek to escape punishment by what is called "the hunger strike". Let the satisfaction which they owe to outraged society be had out of them by means of the birch before they are turned loose on the world. Twenty strokes might be imposed in the first instance, forty in the second, sixty in the third. I am pretty sure there would never be a fourth. A great deal of experience in the administration of criminal law convinces me that the course which I advocate would be eminently remedial and deterrent. It would probably make an end of hunger strikes.

I am Sir your obedient servant

A MAGISTRATE.

"KING BOB."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Permit me a line or two of explanation to your friendly critic of "Ayrshire Idylls" in last week's paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson certainly *did* look on Dundonald Castle as the home of "the sovereign he playfully called King Bob, and who had been born, and died there, with some animated hours between". A reference to Boswell's "Tour in the Hebrides" will show that Johnson with exactly this facetious familiarity referred to the Scottish king who was born in Dundonald and died there, and your reviewer has apparently forgotten that Scotland had more than one King Robert. This one was not, of course, the Bruce, but his grandson, King Robert II. Considering the bad dusting his army gave to Hotspur at Otterburn ("Chevy Chase"), it is sad to think he should already be forgotten in England.

Yours

NEIL MUNRO.

REVIEWS.

AN ENIGMATIC TSAR.

"Paul the First of Russia." By K. Waliszewski.
London: Heinemann. 1913. 15s.

IT can hardly be said that this latest attempt to render Paul the First credible as a man or as a sovereign has been any more successful than its predecessors. It is possible, indeed, that unless he be considered pathologically Paul will remain incredible in his every capacity, and pathology founded on the records of the eighteenth century is almost wholly a matter of guess-work. Paul has been represented by different writers as a humanitarian, a voluptuary, a military reformer, a savage, a genius, and a fool, and it is surprising what a good case can be made out by every one of them. Nor does it seem to matter whether the writers were of his own period, or informed by records of a later date. They continue to agree in their disagreement, however one may compare their data or their opportunities. Paul appeared to offer in almost every twenty-four hours material for at least three different views of his nature, and to consider him as mentally afflicted seems to be the only means by which the discordant character of his actions can be reconciled.

To have been the son of Catherine, to whomever one may assign his paternity, insured a certain peculiarity in disposition, and Paul was in many respects that perverted shade of his mother for which one at least of his possible fathers might have been expected to be responsible. More than one estimate of his character has described him as a "man of action", but the description only applies to him as, for example, it might be applied to Hamlet, and his idiosyncrasy might be more accurately rendered by calling him a man of actions. He was always desiring to be doing something, but repentance followed like a shadow upon the deed, and undoing hard on the heels of repentance. His military economies, for instance, many of them based on wisdom, were so alternatively numerous that they cost more than the extravagances they superseded. There was sound sense behind some of his policies, but he seldom had the courage to await their effects. He was a man of actions, mostly of small actions, often of incredibly small actions. His deeds were ludicrously disproportioned to his dreams, which, even when not imitative, had occasionally a greatness about them. He dreamed of the liberation of the serf, but from that dream he woke terrified, and his terrors always converted him into a fiend of folly. He dreamed of a Russian army, and Russia profits by the dream to-day, yet his realisation of it was a caricature in costume and efficiency which made serious soldiers hold their sides.

He believed in the inspiration of the Lord's anointed, and mistook caprice for the call of destiny. He made a habit of mistaking things, and they were chiefly things about himself. For that he had, indeed, a certain warrant and excuse, since so many, even of historians, have shared his delusions, so curious were the contradictions of which he seemed compounded. He appeared in much of his correspondence an anti-militarist, almost a pacifist; he was lacking in all the first essentials of a soldier, including physical courage, yet he devoted more time and thought to the making of an army than to any other project, modelled himself absurdly upon the great Frederick, was always dreaming of the fruits of victory and was crushed and infuriated by defeat.

In military as in civil affairs the meritorious activity which he often displayed was frittered away in a puerile and irritating passion for detail, and in administration he spoilt much that was often admirably conceived. In naval matters, apart from his ridiculous assumption of authority, he showed a clear sense of the value of sea power and the advantages of a sea-borne trade, but many of his projects were rendered nugatory by pointless restrictions and others that

promised excellently were never carried out. There was always apparent this lack of driving force behind a considerable mental activity. Paul was not only born frightened, he was born in a fuss, and it was from fear and fuss that his subjects suffered in ever-increasing proportions throughout his restless and unhappy reign, which was characterised by a feverish sterility of purpose, unending pain of labour which brought nothing into being. It offers in its few years small opportunity to the historian, none of those salient features by which the era of Catherine was distinguished, and Mr. Waliszewski's narrative rarely achieves a clarity which the obscurity of the time would render additionally welcome. He is unable to offer any solution that could explain Paul's character, dismissing insanity as an explanation, though he lays too much stress on fertility as an argument against it, since the sort of mental derangement from which Paul might have been suffering would have by no means precluded that fertility of the feeble-minded which is often its accompaniment.

The author is not altogether happy in his presentation of contemporary history outside Russia, and the same tendency to upset the continuity of narration in order to develop side issues is as observable as in the presentation of his main theme. It is true that the history of Europe at that period was extremely episodic and involved, and that the intrigues underlying the operations of the Coalition are not easy to render straightforwardly. Still the thing has been done, and done admirably, from another angle, and the mere necessity of seeing Europe as a background ought not to have induced a very perceptible confusion. Neither is Suvarov an easy subject; indeed, he presents difficulties analogous to those produced by Paul. He was held scarcely more sane by contemporary records, and his eccentricities were hardly of a sort to be explained by his genius.

The author describes the campaigns in Italy with sufficient lucidity, but not with the soldierly acumen which they deserve. He seems sometimes of two minds in trying to explain those apparent lapses in energy which lost the great Russian commander so many of the fruits of it. Throughout one realises that, with the period quite elaborately in his head, he suffers rather from a plethora than a lack of facts, and from an inability to arrange and present them in the order of their importance. In his effort, a laudable one, to obtain colour, he frequently confuses form.

Even at his most dramatic moment, when relating the plot and clumsy brutal murder which brought Paul's life to a conclusion, he fritters away his opportunities in a strange determination to render facts which even he regards as inessential. He has drawn largely for his material on Sablukov's memoirs, but it is difficult to trace any other influence; one would, indeed, have welcomed some reflexion of the clarity and gravity of Kluchevski and Soloviev, though by gravity one would rather suggest the weighty flow of narrative than the opposite of levity, which is the last quality of which one would accuse M. Waliszewski, his seriousness of purpose being above reproach. One could wish that as much might be said for his methods of transliteration. He still writes Czar, though it is impossible to imagine what sound he expects an English mouth to make of it; he shows a Gallic leaning in his use of w, and renders, in common with many others, the Russian u as ou. It is a pity the geographical convention in transliteration cannot be adopted by all translators.

WALES AND THE PILGRIM SHRINES.

"Celtic Britain and the Pilgrim Movement." By G. Hartwell Jones. London: Printed for the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion. 1912. 21s. net.

MR. HARTWELL JONES has made a real contribution to mediæval history in this study of the Celtic pilgrim movement. To the ordinary reader the most impressive lesson of his pages will be the clear

evidence which they afford of the intensely Catholic character of mediæval Wales. We hear in these days so much of the primitive Keltic Church on the one hand and of modern Welsh Nonconformity on the other that we are tempted to think that Welsh Christianity has always been a thing apart from the general religious life of Western Christendom. Mr. Jones would lay very little stress on the alleged antagonism of Keltic Christianity to Rome. "To speak of a schism between the British and Roman Churches would", he says, "be misleading. It would be equally true to describe the adoption of the Roman rite in Spain in the latter part of the eleventh century as closing a rift and incorporating the Spanish Church with the Roman." This is a strong statement, and shows that Mr. Hartwell Jones has no sympathy either with the myth of an independent Keltic Christianity put forward by Mr. Willis Bund or with the notions of old-fashioned High Churchmen, who saw in the Church of Aidan and S. David an anticipation of the theological position of the Caroline divines. Probably he is in the main correct. The attitude of S. Columbanus to the Gallican Church is inexplicable on the theory that any fundamental differences separated Keltic from Latin Christianity. On the other hand, it is clear from the pages of Bede and from the letter of Pope Gregory III. to the Batavian Bishops that for a time the Roman Church did consider the British Church to be in some sense an heretical body. Still the points of difference were not in themselves important, and Mr. Hartwell Jones is right to minimise them. In view, however, of the strong language of Gregory III. we think that he minimises too much when he treats the question as merely a quarrel about different rites. He is, however, absolutely correct when he says that after the causes of dispute had been removed by the acceptance of the Roman date for Easter on the part of the British Church the Welsh were among the most obedient children of the Church of Rome. For century after century Welshmen wended their way to the seat of the Apostles. When in the first days of the thirteenth century Archdeacon Gerald was pleading to Innocent the Great the cause of the liberties of the Welsh Church and of the rights of the See of S. Davids, there were in the Eternal City crowds of pilgrims from Wales who came forward to give testimony before the Papal Courts for the greatest of all the champions of Welsh freedom. And these Welsh pilgrims were but the successors of thousands of Keltic wanderers whom penitence or piety had drawn to the city of the Cæsars from the days of Ninian the apostle of the Picts and Kentigern the first of all the Bishops of S. Asaph. And for many a year after the liberties of the Church of Menevia had been buried in Giraldus' grave the Welsh pilgrim still toiled over the Alps towards the gates of the City of the Seven Hills. Thither in the days when Wales had risen under the Red Dragon and Glendower came Adam of Usk to win for himself the post of Papal auditor and to witness the three weeks' strife on the occasion of the Papal election, in which Guelphs and Ghibellines (factions of the pestilent Roman people) harried each other with "slaughter, robbery, and murder, either party urging the creation of a Pope of its own; yet by reason of the guard they could not come near to the palace of S. Peter nor to the Conclave". And later, amid the mighty concourse of the faithful that thronged the streets of Rome in the Jubilee of 1450, in the golden days of Nicholas Pacificator, the days of the swan song of Latin Christianity. Welsh was the poet who went back to Wales to sing of his voyage to Rome. And "faithful found among the many faithless" Welshmen still came to take up their abode in the English hospice at Rome when Elizabethan England had declared war against the Pope and Spain. We have dwelt so long on the Welsh travellers to the Eternal City that we cannot speak of those other Welshmen who, following in the steps of the blessed S. David, trod the stony path to Salem's shrine as pilgrims or crusaders, nor can we speak of that larger number who knelt before the shrine of Santiago de Compostela, one

of whom still remains imaged in stone in the church of S. Mary of Haverfordwest. Racial antagonism did not prevent the Welshman from visiting S. Thomas' relics at Canterbury and other English shrines. But Wales itself was full of shrines, of which the chief were the Holy Well in Flintshire and the shrine of David, or, as the Welsh called him, Dewi, on the far-off Pembroke coast, the most interesting and least visited shrine in Western Europe, as Montalembert named it.

In those ages of faith S. Davids was less cut off from the world than it is to-day, "for", as our author says, "the only road through Wales from north to south started at Holywell and ended at S. Davids". S. Davids and Holywell we have with us to-day. But most of the ancient shrines and relics of the Welsh land have passed away. No more can the pilgrim wander to Strata Florida and see the most sacred of all relics, the Holy Graal that gladdened the soul of Galahad, while the wondrous image of Derfel Gadarn of Llanderfel by the lake of Bala perished in the flames that burned up Friar Forest. The image of our Lady of Penrhys, of which the bard Gwilym has sung, was (it seems) cast into the fires of Smithfield. The Reformer and the Puritan waged war bitter, and in the end successful, on the faith and lore of ancient Wales. Mr. Hartwell Jones has rendered a great service to his native country in showing how far distant is the spirit of Calvinism from the poesy and history of old Wales.

THE MATING OF LYDIA.

"The Mating of Lydia." By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
London: Smith, Elder. 1913. 6s.

IN Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel there are three people with whom we must concern ourselves, and a fourth who is an awful example. First of all there is Lydia, a highly educated young woman possessing just enough artistic talent to keep her from the feverish warfare of the sexes, yet somewhat impatient of the possible restraints of matrimony and looking seriously for the chance of becoming guide, philosopher and Platonic friend to one or two personable young men. As she paints pictures and sells them there is to her no evident reason why she should not be single and blessed; but the reader is allowed to share a secret, and we soon learn that the purchaser of her work is her very devoted admirer, Lord Tatham, who probably knows no more of art than he may have gathered from the family portraits in his ancestral hall. Obviously, then, her destiny is marriage, and her acquaintance includes two likely candidates. Tatham appears to fulfil all the requirements, or at least he is a young man of a type which the author loves to depict. With "boyish countenance" dignified by "consciousness of power and responsibility", he has the air of one who in Marcella's time would have been in the thick of the political fight; but this is 1913, and England has her Parliament Act. The titled hero, therefore, may as well stay at home, and as he still has his land he need not be inactive. Mrs. Ward's type of hero is, however, altered only in conversational powers. At times this new one may have been a trifle dull, for his topics were, we read, restricted to the country, sport and agriculture, but no tenant need have asked a better landlord, and no woman could have wanted a more chivalrous lover. Yet Lydia, with her desire to move freely and to influence events, will not have him as her mate. His part in life is to carry on old and honourable traditions, and his wife's lot will be to conform with them, to enjoy personal happiness, and to see her portrait make one more picture on his wall. In Faversham we have a man of another type, and he is the one whom the strong-minded girl can really influence. A cynic and almost an adventurer he arrives on the scene, but he fits into the general scheme when he is adopted as heir and estate-agent by old Melrose, the worst landlord in the country and the "awful example" of the story.

Apart from Lydia's love affairs, the problem of the book is, of course, the use and abuse of large incomes

derived from land and houses. The Tatham estate is the Socialist's sorrow, and the Melrose property is the Chancellor of the Exchequer's opportunity. As we are given the two sides by side, nobody can complain that Mrs. Ward has incorporated a party tract in a work of fiction; and, indeed, there are few signs that she is greatly interested in the question of private or national ownership. Her demand is that those in possession shall do their present duty, and it is to this end that Lydia urges Faversham. Melrose, spending every penny he draws from his fever-breeding cottages on the purchase of works of art and curios, must no longer be allowed to disgrace a system which Tatham works to the advantage of all whom it concerns, but the Melroses are a stubborn race and shy of the touch of a velvet glove. Happily they belong to a passing generation, and we feel no regret when this particular member of the tribe is killed by the idiot son of an evicted tenant. Faversham had failed to convert the old sinner from his evil ways, but for honest endeavour and the final renunciation of much ill-gotten wealth we see him mated with Lydia in the end. His temptation to bow the knee to his one-time master had been great, and he had not always stood upright, yet he gave the girl the chance she needed to mould a man's character, and taught her too that comradeship with man was a greater thing than her first fancies had deserved. For Mrs. Ward's skill in combining a love-story with a discussion on the duties of a rural landlord we have the greatest admiration. The one subject is never allowed to eclipse the other, for they are bound together in such a manner that we cannot follow them apart. Moreover, we think that the author's touch is somewhat lighter than of old, for though Lydia is quite a serious young person the joy of life is in her, and there are signs that it will develop rather than decrease with marriage and maturity.

A COMMENT ON MARX.

"The Servile State." By Hilaire Belloc. London: Foulis. 1912. 1s. net.

MR. BELLOC begins where Marx began. Like him he sees that economic society is at present in a state of unstable equilibrium, and that the pull-devil pull-baker tension between capital and labour cannot continue. But he differs from Marx in his conclusion. He does not take the view, in itself theoretically tenable, that capital will win in the struggle—or rather he does not take it in this outright form. His argument is much more ingenious. It is that the victory of capital will come about through the apparent triumph of labour. There will be collectivism, he holds; but its upshot will be not a supreme democracy but a servile state—a state, that is, where a large proportion of the inhabitants are compelled by law to work for their living.

The words by law are all-important. In the world of to-day, says Mr. Belloc, the average "proletarian"—a vile word of which he is rather fond, but should be ashamed—is under an economic but not a legal compulsion to work for his living. In this fact he finds his fundamental antinomy. A society whose members are economically bound but politically free contradicts itself. To restore harmony we must have either economic freedom or political servitude. It is argued that the actual trend of events is all towards political slavery, alike in economic and in political development. Take any collectivist industry—municipal trams or state railways. In its character it does not differ from a Trust. But it must find a guarantee against strikes, and between a law which forbids strikes and a law which commands work there is no great gulf. Still more significant is the turn of recent legislation. Measures like the Workmen's Compensation and Insurance Acts establish a difference in status between employers and employed. It is precisely this point of status which distinguishes servitude from freedom. And Mr. Belloc goes on to show how public officials, by refusing unemployment benefit to a man who rejects work offered him at a Labour Exchange,

can develop this incipient difference in status until the servile state has been brought into being.

Our main criticism of this book is that it is very clever and interesting, but somehow fails to convince us. It is too severely logical. We cannot link up Mr. Belloc's abstract thesis with the facts of life as we see them. Mr. Belloc will probably reply that his reviewer is a practical man—the last word in his vocabulary of abuse. It may be so, but we will try to give reasons for a criticism which we admit to depend on feeling rather than argument. In the first place we must quarrel with Mr. Belloc's typical workman—a creature in whom the instinct of property has atrophied. We do not say that there is no such person, but we do say that he is not typical. It is special pleading for Mr. Belloc to urge that a coal-miner can never become a coal-owner. He can become a house-owner. He may even keep a servant. In either case he is in touch with the owning classes from which Mr. Belloc would keep him absolutely distinct. Nor can we accept Mr. Belloc's doctrine of the economic compulsion to labour. Organised labour can strike, and can strike just as effectively for shorter hours as for higher wages. Unorganised labour is, indeed, under duress, but the trend of events is certainly not towards the weakening of Trade Unionism.

Further, Mr. Belloc's whole argument is coloured by his religious views. He holds that slavery is a normal institution for European society, that it was banished for a time by the Catholic Church, and that where, as in North-Western Europe, the Church has lost her influence, it will return. His converse position is that Ireland has avoided the danger and has created a race of owners because she is a Catholic country. We should have liked some proof of this bold thesis. Mr. Belloc gives us an account of the economy of the Middle Ages. He explains how the Roman villa with its slaves gradually developed into the manor with serfs, and how with the growing use of money these serfs commuted their duties for cash payments and so became free. But there is not a word about the Church in this part of the book. So again in his account of the industrial revolution. He rightly combats the view that the aggregation of population about the sources of power necessarily involves the modern capitalist system. But he startles us by attributing it to the Reformation. Because of the confiscations of that time certain families obtained a large share of the land and used their new strength to acquire most of the rest. Hence, when capital was required only the few could provide it. There is some bad history here. As a matter of fact England before the industrial revolution was not only an agricultural country with cottage industries. She was a great trading country, and her traders, not her landowners, became the capitalists. We believe that the average reader will agree that this part of Mr. Belloc's argument is too far-fetched to deserve much attention. It is a pity that this book is written in a less agreeable style than most of the author's other audacities, and we trust that he will soon be delivered from his passion for the word "canalise".

NAPOLÉON'S EAGLES:

"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE."

"The War Drama of the Eagles." By Edward Fraser. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Murray. 1912. 12s. net.

THE story of the ephemeral glories of Napoleon's famous Eagles is one that raises somewhat conflicting emotions. How ephemeral they were is best demonstrated by the fact that less than a decade passed between their first appearance in battle on the Danube in October 1805 to their final extinction at Waterloo. In reviewing their inception and remarkable career it is difficult to balance our admiration for the man who could thus so adroitly adopt a fictitious symbol whereby he undoubtedly developed the spirit among his soldiers "de se faire tuer"—as he with characteristic brutality

described it—or our contempt for his cunning in thus inventing an incentive for military glory based on the good old principle of "Heads I win, Tails you lose". Truly has he been described as "a mean man".

That the Eagles accomplished all he demanded of them is undeniable. Scores of times did the sight of the Eagle borne aloft inspire his soldiers to untold deeds of heroism and to lay down their lives with a prodigality that few people of these days can realise. This of course was Napoleon's chief aim and object in creating them. But there was another and less heroic aspect which guided Napoleon in their design. Hitherto all European armies alike had carried their Colours, great unwieldy flags mounted on poles which, whilst affording a rallying point for their corps, also offered a definite objective both for the artillery fire and general attack of the foe. Thus in the hour of defeat and disaster, in spite of every effort it not seldom occurred that with the fall of the standard-bearers and their devoted defenders the Colours were captured and subsequently served as tangible proofs of the completeness of the overthrow. It remained for Napoleon, whilst ostensibly reviving the ancient glories of the Eagles of the Cæsars and thereby modestly making himself co-equal with the great warriors of antiquity, so to design his newly-hatched birds that, whilst their progress on the battlefield was a symbol of victory, should the fortune of war decide against him, his troops, though defeated, need not lose their Eagles—their Colours. In plain words, his maxim, vulgarly expressed in this matter of Eagles versus Standards, was "Heads I win, Tails you lose". To give an example, the campaign of Austerlitz brought to the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris no fewer than 120 Standards of the defeated Austrians and Russians as "spoils of the victory", whereas the overwhelming victory of Waterloo brought Chelsea Hospital exactly two Eagles. The "War Drama of the Eagles" viewed from this aspect is indeed a pitiful one. Napoleon's methods in this and other matters are in fact painfully reminiscent of contests for the America Cup or at the modern "Olympic Games". Such being our feelings with regard to the Eagles, it is somewhat difficult to enter into the enthusiasm of the author when describing the great parade on the Champs de Mai in November 1804, when Napoleon first issued the Eagles to his army. It was a sorry show of parvenus, outrageously overdressed in gold and tinsel, at best, "mountebanks and popinjays". This story of the Eagles is, however, interesting in that it enables one to follow Napoleon's ever-changing and elusive methods. At the Champs de Mai an Eagle was presented to every battalion of infantry and to every squadron of horse. But after Eylau in 1807, where the Russians captured twelve Eagles, Napoleon saw he was asking too much of his devoted soldiers and had made a mistake in giving too many hostages to fortune. Hence, less than a year after Eylau he withdrew all the battalion Eagles and ordered that only one Eagle should be carried by each regiment of foot, the first battalion of the five which constituted it, and that the cavalry should likewise return their squadron Eagles and carry only one per regiment. Later on Eagles were withdrawn from all regiments of light cavalry, and in the Peninsula infantry regiments employed in the Sierras were ordered to leave their Eagles in the arsenal at Madrid. In 1812, owing to the withdrawal of three battalions from every regiment of foot in Spain, thereby reducing them to only two battalions, Napoleon ordered that only one Eagle should be carried by every infantry brigade. Later on, again, he ordered that every regiment of cavalry in Spain should return its Eagle.

It was no doubt partly owing to this systematic reduction of the number of Eagles carried that at Vitoria a few months later, where the French lost every gun as well as all their treasure, they did not lose a single Eagle!

But beyond the fact that there were few Eagles to lose there was another reason for their marvellous longevity which is by no means creditable. From the first Napoleon impressed upon all his troops that the

Eagle was everything, the tricolour flag on the staff bearing it being merely "l'ornement de l'Aigle". So much was this so that not infrequently the Colour was removed from the Eagle staff on service and left behind at the dépôt in France. The Eagle was only eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings, and stood on a brass block three inches square and weighed only three and a half pounds. The staff was eight feet long, and the flag measured only thirty-three inches by thirty-three inches. And herein lay Napoleon's guile, for it was a simple matter to unscrew or wrench off the Eagle, and the Colour (when present) could as easily be torn off and concealed. All old soldiers can recall the immense size of the Colours carried in the British Army in former years. Our modern Colours, cumbrous as they are, are as nothing to the old ones. Thus it was that to attempt to conceal the King's or the Regimental Colour about the person, when the tide of war ran adversely, as at Albuhera, where we lost five Colours out of the six carried in three battalions, was about as easy as to attempt to conceal the big drum. Hence the title of this review. Without in the least belittling the splendid gallantry of hundreds of Frenchmen who sacrificed themselves to save their Eagles, it is only fair to recall that there was a regular system for saving Eagles, if possible by fair means, but if not, then by foul. A mere enumeration of the methods employed would fill a column. In this book we read time after time of Eagles being unscrewed and put into haversacks or greatcoat pockets or otherwise concealed, of others being buried, thrown into ponds or rivers, smashed up, hidden in hollow trees, and, most unheroic of all, stuffed into a dead horse, to be hauled out subsequently from the putrefying intestines.

In 1814, when the Allies occupied Paris, the French deliberately burned all the Colours they had captured during the preceding two centuries, and with them Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon had so scandalously with his own hand filched from Frederick's tomb when he visited it after Jena in 1806.

It but remains to note that Napoleon issued an Eagle to every French line-of-battle ship in 1804 "to be maintained for ever in the path of victory", and that although we captured thirty of these ships in the following year at Trafalgar and subsequently, not a single Eagle ever fell into the hands of our gallant sailors. Could "make-believe", as the children say, go further? At any rate it is obvious that "the path of victory" at sea did not suit so eminently a land-bird as the Imperial Eagle.

SHORTER NOTICES.

The new edition of "The Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone" (10s. net) is published by Macmillan. It is certainly one of the most interesting collections of letters on English politics and serious literature that has been printed for many years, and no doubt will become a classic of its kind and endure. It should be added by and by to the excellent Eversley Series, a form to which it is well suited. A fresh series of letters has been added, covering the years up till the time of Lord Acton's death, and some of these are just as interesting as the letters in the earlier series. Lord Acton's references, for example, to Lord Rosebery's monograph on Pitt—which we chanced to be familiar with before this new edition was issued—are very interesting. Lord Acton revises Lord Rosebery's account of Pitt's saying to the City of London; he gives the saying as Macaulay told it him; and it is more striking than the commonly accepted version. Here is Macaulay's version, who had it direct from Sturges Bourne: "England has saved herself by her own energy, and I hope that, after having saved herself by her own energy, she will save Europe by her example". Lord Rosebery's familiar version, as Lord Acton says, misses the "resounding repetition" which caught the ear of Macaulay. Lord Acton, by the way, complains that Lord Rosebery runs down the Whigs—that he figures Windham in his Whig period as "a mediocrity". This was written in December 1891. If Lord Acton's ghost reads history and politics to-day—and if his ghost does anything one may be sure it will do that—it will be mollified surely

(Continued on page 338.)

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by Lord Rosebery's preface to the "Windham Papers" twenty-one years later! The Whig and mediocrity of 1891 has become in 1913 the finest gentleman of his time; the patriot-statesman; more admirable than Crichton; above all, the Independent!

"Geoffrey Chaucer." By Emile Legouis. London: Dent. 1913. 5s. net.

M. Lailavoix declares that Chaucer has become a real living presence in France, and he believes that even Froissart and Montaigne have not had as great an influence on English literature as Chaucer has had on French. M. Legouis' book is a symptom of a living and popular French interest in Chaucer, as it is not addressed to philologists and scholars, but to a French public which buys modernised renderings of Chaucer such as have of late been made of the "Canterbury Tales" and M. Legouis' own verse translations. For a similar public M. Legouis has produced this study of Chaucer which, as M. Lailavoix describes it, embodies all the discoveries of recent criticism in a form both palatable and attractive. The unfortunate position of the English public is that it cannot read Chaucer in the original, and it does not appear to have any modernised versions in its own tongue that are readable. M. Legouis' book, however, would excite, if anything would, sufficient ardour for mastering the not very formidable difficulty of reading Chaucer, and those who can read him will find it a fresh and stimulating addition to their knowledge of Chaucer and his times, and to their appreciation of his literary art.

"William Sharp (Fiona Macleod): a Memoir." By Elizabeth A. Sharp. London: Heinemann. Two vols. 10s. net.
"Vistas." By William Sharp. Selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. London: Heinemann. 5s. net.

Mrs. Sharp's memoir of her husband follows the line of separation traced out by the "dual" literary expression of William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod" as adopted by her in arranging the twelve volumes of Sharp's writings which Mr. Heinemann has now published. "Vistas" is the fifth and last volume of the selections from the work which Sharp did under his own name; the output of "Fiona Macleod" appearing in the series in seven volumes. Mrs. Sharp has prepared the memoir on the hint given by her husband that he knew Keats far better through his letters than by the ablest and most intimate memoirs that have been written; and the memoirs abound in literary and personal interest arising from Sharp's intimacy with many notable correspondents. They throw much light on the literary "movement" of Sharp's period, as well as on Sharp's own rare personality. For some reason or other the portraits mentioned in the preface as being reproduced for the memoir do not appear in the volumes as they have been sent to us.

"Some Aspects of Gipsy Music." By D. C. Parker. London: Reeves. 1913. 1s. net.

We confess that we never heard any gipsy music; we say that no one else has done so; we assert that there is no such thing. When Mr. Parker affirms that "they [the gipsies] take their place among the world's artists" he talks the idlest of nonsense. The most the gipsies have done is to play and sing the music of the countries they wander in: in Russia they adopt Russian music, in Hungary Magyar music, and so on. In England a gipsy fiddler or singer is a rarity, and he generally does out music-hall tunes. What Mr. Parker mistakes for gipsy-music is Hungarian, and the genuineness of Hungarian music is very doubtful. Londoners have for many years had their ears tortured in exhibitions, cafés and restaurants by "blue" or other coloured "Hungarian" bands, made up for the most part of gentlemen with a pronounced Cockney accent. They get into uniforms that are an offence to the eye, and gesticulate like apes in convulsions—and get engagements which would never come their way if they looked more like human beings and played as well as many of them can play. The foreigners who run our restaurants for us know how the English love to be humbugged and swindled; and when they have a good orchestra, as was the case lately in the West-end, they disband it, apparently finding it more profitable to hire a gang who behave like escaped lunatics. Mr. Parker really tells us nothing of gipsy music, for the simple reason that there is nothing to tell. His little essay is interesting, but it establishes just the opposite to what Mr. Parker intended.

"Eminent English Men and Women in Paris." By Roger Bontet de Monvel. Translated by G. Herring. London: Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.

The author dwells in his preface on what Horace Walpole called "the total difference of manners" between English and French which "is obvious in every trifle". This does

not prevent Frenchmen and Englishmen from having had the most agreeable social relations with one another; England gave hospitality to thousands of Frenchmen during the French Revolution. There were a few who never forgave us the hospitality which we extended to them; but the majority followed in the wake of Chateaubriand, Madame de Boigne, and the Vicomte Walsh, who always preserved the most grateful recollection of their reception during the emigration. In the same way English people such as Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, Lord Hertford, Sir Richard Wallace, Lady Morgan, Captain Gronow, Sir Francis Egerton, Lord Henry Seymour, Thackeray, Dickens, William Spencer, and Thomas Raikes, who made Paris their second home, sometimes developed in course of time the most ardent affection for the country of their adoption. It may be argued that those who were made prisoners at the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and to whom the first chapter is devoted, were not so pleased with their enforced residence in France, though a few of these returned there frequently in different circumstances. It is all the more unfortunate that there should be so few British residents in Paris now, when access is so easy and the journey by Boulogne can be accomplished in less than seven hours, but the British tourist of to-day prefers the climate of the Riviera to that of Paris. M. de Monvel's stories are therefore perforce limited to the days when there was an English colony in Paris of cultivated men and women attracted by the brilliance of a Court and that welcome which has always been given by French society to those Englishmen and Englishwomen who were able to adapt themselves to their fresh surroundings.

"Camp and Tramp in African Wilds." By E. Torday. London: Seeley, Service. 1913. 16s. net.

A most entertaining account of seven years spent in various parts of the Congo region. Mr. Torday was in the Government service, and also did valuable ethnographical work; here he tells of his travels and his dealings with white men and black, and the wild beasts of the country. He gives us a straightforward account without any of the inept reflections so often found in books like this. We get a very different picture of the negro from that given by less skilled observers. Mr. Torday soon entered into the thoughts and customs of the people, and through his sympathy and understanding warded off many wars, and dealt justly with native and European. We find illuminating hints on the mistakes, often unintentional, of the latter. Mr. Torday is seldom severe, but rightly drops his scorn on a certain scientist of Teutonic aspect who turned up one day carrying a whole magazine of weapons on his person, and later on got into trouble in British territory for his dealings with the natives. He observes that he has twice crossed the Congo Free State, and can honestly say that he has "never come across a tribe which was not naturally good-tempered". The administration was indeed fortunate in having such an official. All who are interested in Africa, and others too, should read this book; it will set them thinking. There are many most useful wrinkles for the traveller. The African has his code of manners which the white man must observe if he wishes to succeed like Mr. Torday.

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Marcus Holbeach's Daughter (Alice Jones); The Inheritance (Josephine Daskam Bacon). Appleton. 6s. each.
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"The Matter of Wales" (Arthur Owen Vaughan). Cardiff: Educational Publishing Co.
Memorials of Old North Wales (edited by E. Alfred Jones). Allen. 15s. net.

LAW.

The Commercial Laws of the World. Vol. XXIV. Central Europe: German Empire. Sweet and Maxwell. 42s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Circling Year. Vol. I., Rambles in Spring; Vol. II., Rambles in Summer; Vol. III., Rambles in Autumn (W. Percival Westell). Nelson. 1s. net each.

THEOLOGY.

Repton School Sermons: Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation (William Temple). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
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Ioläus: The Man that was a Ghost (James A. Mackereth). Longmans. 1s. 6d. net.
The Crimson West (Kiriti Vekil Bey). Bedford Press. 6d. net.

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Book of Diet, The (Chalmers Watson). Nelson. 2s. net.
England's Fatal Land Policy (Sir William Earnshaw Cooper). Pearson. 2s. 6d. net.
French and the English, The (Laurence Jerrold). Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
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Hobby Books, The: Amateur Photography (F. T. Beeson and A. Williams); Pets (D. Rowland); Needlework (M. K. Gifford); Woodwork (Percy A. Wells). Nelson. 1s. net each.
Political Philosophy of Burke, The (John MacCunn). Arnold. 5s. net.
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THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

A RECORD YEAR'S BUSINESS.

THE Thirty-second Annual General Meeting of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Limited, was held on Wednesday at Hamilton House, Victoria Embankment, E.C., Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P. (Chairman of the Corporation), presiding.

The General Manager and Secretary (Mr. W. E. Gray) read the notice convening the meeting, and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said the accounts for the past year were the best the directors had ever issued. In every part of the world where they did business that business had resulted in a profit, except in one small State. The premiums amounted to £1,729,874, against £1,465,011, showing an increase of £264,863 over those of 1911. The gross receipts amounted to £1,805,931, against £1,479,124, showing an increase of £326,807. The expenses of management amounted to £130,398, and taxes to £33,268, making together £163,666, or an increase of £14,556. The ratio of expenses to premium income was 9.5 per cent., against 10.6 per cent. in 1911. The commissions for the year were £411,632, or £51,439 more. The ratio of commission to premium income was 23.8 per cent., or a decrease of 1.8 per cent. Combining the expenses and commission charges, they had a ratio to premium income of 35.3 per cent., against 36.2 per cent. for 1911, equal to a decrease of 2.9 per cent., or £50,166. The losses paid and outstanding amounted to £874,415, being an increase of £77,702. The percentage of losses to premium income was 50.5 per cent., compared with 56.7 per cent. in 1911. The total charges against revenue amounted to £1,449,673. In addition they had charged £97,000 to write down the investments to below market value, leaving a balance of £1,548,198 as compared with £1,548,939 in the previous year.

The directors felt that, having money in hand, it would be wise to adopt a bold course and write off the whole of the depreciation in the investments to below market value. The bulk of the depreciation was in gilt-edged securities bought in the early history of the Corporation. The investments and cash, after writing down the former by £97,000 to below market value, stood on 31 December at £1,833,211. The investment reserve fund of £62,869 was no longer required, and it had been transferred to the general reserve. The increase in reserves for the year was £203,754. The improvement in the dividend was 2s. per share, making 14s. for the whole year, or at the rate of 35 per cent. on the paid-up capital. In the United States the Corporation did exceedingly well in the past year, and the manager anticipated that they would do equally well during the current year. The loss of the Titanic cost the Corporation £15,000. The Canadian business as a whole was on an exceedingly firm basis, and was likely to prove profitable in the future. He would like to say a few words as to workmen's compensation business at home. The increase in rates which had undoubtedly taken place during the past few years was due to the figures which he would give, and which, he had no doubt, would bear out the experience of other companies doing the same class of business. In 1907, when they had an experience of only six months, the percentage of claims to accidents was 62.5 per cent.; in 1908, 63.9 per cent.; in 1909, 68.7 per cent.; in 1910, 68.1 per cent.; in 1911, 70.6 per cent.; and in 1912, 71.6 per cent. Therefore they would see that the percentage of claims to accidents showed a decided tendency to increase year by year—of course, to the detriment of the company giving the insurance, and justified the rise in rates which had been forced upon their Corporation and other companies. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. L. Salomons and carried unanimously.

The Chairman moved: "That a further dividend of 10s. per share (free of income tax), making, with the interim dividend of 4s. per share already paid, a dividend of 14s. per share for the year to 31 December, 1912, be and is hereby declared to be paid out of the balance of revenue account, and that the remainder, £1,478,198, be carried forward to the next account."

Mr. Salomons seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to.

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| FINANCIAL QUARTER ENDING | December 31, 1912. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | October 31, 1912 | |
| Mine. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| DEVELOPMENT WORK— | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| No. of feet driven, sunk | 3,687 | 6,110 | 2,492 | 9,705 | 3,361 | 3,267 | 2,495 | 3,413 | 4,461 | 3,444 | 15,236 | 2,610 | 122 | 2,516 | 7,532 | 2,462 |
| and risen, exclusive of | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Stops | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Reduction Works | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Ore received from Mine | 244,326 | 177,100 | 191,305 | 573,354 | 91,438 | 153,680 | 143,699 | 174,778 | 85,805 | 113,017 | 502,371 | 62,233 | 151,452 | — | 190,645 | 96,365 |
| (tons) | 16.3 | 18.8 | 14.8 | 11.3 | 18.2 | 4.9 | 15.4 | 10.1 | 10.1 | 9.6 | 11.2 | 9.6 | 17.8 | — | 16.0 | 12.1 |
| Waste sorted out (per cent.) | 204,000 | 143,900 | 162,800 | 506,800 | 75,090 | 145,900 | 123,800 | 149,900 | 77,100 | 100,000 | 453,200 | 52,396 | 125,000 | 124,650 | 167,500 | 84,000 |
| Tonnage crushed .. | 65,092 | 54,102 | 79,753 | 188,419 | 27,275 | 65,907 | 54,808 | 52,223 | 26,033 | 41,066 | 170,371 | 18,736 | 60,808 | 30,722 | 58,175 | 28,456 |
| Total yield (fine oz.) .. | 268. 10d. | 312. 7d. | 418. 2d. | 318. 3d. | 308. 6d. | 378. 11d. | 378. 2d. | 298. 3d. | 288. 4d. | 348. 6d. | 328. 5d. | 298. 11d. | 408. 10d. | 208. 8d. | 298. 2d. | 288. 4d. |
| Yield per ton .. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Accumulated alices | — | 6,560 | 3,050 | — | — | 8,700 | 7,200 | — | — | — | — | — | 7,710 | — | 3,851 | — |
| treated (tons) | — | 710 | 573 | — | — | 579 | 778 | — | — | — | — | — | 639 | — | 546 | — |
| yield (fine ozs.) | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Working Expenses. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Cost | £167,514 | £196,235 | £168,372 | £453,865 | £92,838 | £138,300 | £149,457 | £152,401 | £90,176 | £32,146 | £457,273 | £59,254 | £114,380 | £107,575 | £169,110 | £75,386 |
| Cost per Ton Milled .. | £0 16 5 | £1 7 3 | £1 0 8 | £0 17 11 | £1 4 9 | £0 19 0 | £1 4 2 | £1 0 4 | £1 3 5 | £0 16 5 | £1 0 3 | £1 2 7 | £0 18 3 | £0 17 3 | £1 0 2 | £0 17 11 |
| Revenue. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Value of Gold produced | £273,707 | £227,372 | £335,825 | £792,056 | £114,292 | £277,032 | £230,346 | £219,330 | £109,031 | £172,642 | £734,189 | £76,542 | £255,287 | £128,963 | £243,783 | £119,254 |
| Value per Ton Milled .. | £1 6 10 | £1 11 7 | £2 1 2 | £1 11 3 | £1 10 5 | £1 18 0 | £1 17 3 | £1 9 3 | £1 8 3 | £1 14 6 | £1 12 5 | £1 9 11 | £2 0 10 | £1 0 8 | £1 9 1 | £1 8 4 |
| Working Profit. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Amount | £106,193 | £31,137 | £167,153 | £333,191 | £21,454 | £138,732 | £80,889 | £66,929 | £18,855 | £90,495 | £276,916 | £19,288 | £140,907 | £21,388 | £74,672 | £43,868 |
| Per Ton Milled .. | £0 10 5 | £0 4 4 | £1 0 6 | £0 13 4 | £0 5 8 | £0 19 0 | £0 13 1 | £0 8 11 | £0 4 10 | £0 18 1 | £0 12 2 | £0 7 4 | £1 2 7 | £0 3 5 | £0 8 11 | £0 10 5 |
| Other Sources. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| NET REVENUE OR EX- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| PENDITURE— | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Debit | £3,400 | £2,046 | £670 | £17,373 | £2,027 | — | — | £2,039 | £894 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Credit | — | — | — | — | — | £1,468 | £1,276 | — | — | £2,058 | — | — | £11,813 | £1,440 | £900 | — |
| Net Profit | £102,793 | £29,091 | £166,483 | £320,818 | £19,427 | £140,200 | £82,165 | £64,890 | £17,961 | £94,534 | — | — | £152,720 | £22,828 | £75,582 | — |
| Capital Expenditure .. | £983 | £1,295 | £1,214 | £18,450 | £8,994 | £20,717 | £5,069 | £5,170 | £26,727 | £24,485 | £54,686 | £11,244 | — | £774 | £656 | £3,169 |
| Interim Dividends De- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| clared. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Payable to Shareholders | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | — | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | Dec. 31, | — | Oct. 31, |
| registered on books as at | 1912. | 1912. | — | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | 1912. | — | 1912. |
| Rate per cent. | 22½ | 5% | — | 55% | 5% | 15% | 12½ | 10% | 6½ | 20% | 12½ | 5% | 35% | 24% | — | 8½ |
| Total amount of Distri- | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| bution | £157,500 | £29,288 | — | £517,058 | £22,000 | £210,000 | £156,250 | £106,067 | £31,394 | £140,000 | £305,737 | £24,559 | £165,200 | £25,355 | — | £75,250 |

* Including Accumulations.

† Exclusive of the proportion of an annuity payable to the Government in respect of mining rights acquired under certain claims.

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